

Gal g E c

LIBERAL OPINIONS,

In which is concluded the

H I S T O R Y

O F

B E N I G N U S.

If I want gold, steal but a beggars dog,
And give't Benignus. The dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give it to Benignus:
Give it Benignus, and it foals me straight
Ten able horse.

Parody on a Passage of Shakespeare's Timon.

WRITTEN by HIMSELF.

And published by

COURTNEY MELMOTH.

V O L. VI.

L O N O N,

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MDCCLXXVII.

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LIBERAL OPINIONS, &c.

THE HISTORY of BENIGNUS.

C H A P. CXVII.

THE driver, considering us as so many riotous young blades a little too joyous, had a mind to humour our frolick; and so rattled over the pavement to our hearts content. For, it is very well known, one of the greatest raptures of *rakeism*, consists in making the horses draw their car-

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riage

riage rapidly through a town; and the more noise they make, the more clatter occasioned by the wheels, and the nearer they can go to a post, or a passenger, without touching, the greater reputation they acquire from those who understand coachmanship, and the more like puppies, or madmen they look in the eyes of those grave persons, who want taste, or (as these young gentlemen more elegantly term it) *spunk*, for such exercises.

With the advantage of all this eclat, we arrived at the Common, and were introduced not only to Mr. Blake's pretty villa, but to Mr. Blake's pretty house-keeper, as he called her; and, to do her justice, as fine a woman she was, in point of person, as ever adorned a house.

I was

I was sober enough to discern the indelicacy of Blake's carrying us before a lady, in the pickle we then were; and indeed this became more glaring, before we had been half an hour in her company; for Green had so inebriated himself with the Champagne, and the violent joys attending it, that it was necessary to remove him into a less elegant apartment, where he might once more try the restorative virtues of sleep; and Mr. Smack, whose eyes worked in his head like a whirligig, proposed a walk in the garden, as the most salutiferously thing in the world, as the Poet says, in these cases. While Mrs. Blake (for so she was sometimes called, though much oftner house-keeper Kitty) prepared the tea, Mr.

Blake (who appeared to be a dull, obliging, hard-drinking man) conducted us into his garden, which really exhibited infinitely more taste, than I imagined belonged to the proprietor; yet now, the choice of his garden, and the choice of his wife, much more indeed than the choice of his companions, raised him very considerably in my opinion. Mr. Smack, dizzy as he was, was in an extacy, and said that he was then in his element.

I congratulated Mr. Blake, on a residence at once so pleasing and so contiguous to the metropolis. It is an agreeable spot, I must confess, replied Blake, and it is rendered more so, by being my own property, and yet there is a material objection—

an objection that sometimes keeps me away from it whole months, in the middle of summer: do you see *that* house immediately opposite to me? If that house had been placed in any other part of the universe, I might have been happy; but as that is not the case, drunk or sober, I look at it with indignation. Why so, said I, surely it is rather a decoration, than a disgrace: methinks the scene would want something without it.

Now, I think, resumed Blake, it is a most abominable eye-fore, and I cannot bear to look upon it: It is the habitation of a fellow, without either heart or soul, who hath done me the basest injury, and whom I would not save from the tortures of the rack, if it were to be done without

inconvenience or expence ! cursed be the moment in which he purchased that villa—he bought it—yes Benignus, the rascal bought it, on purpose to overlook me, and turn my poor little retreat into a seat of torment.

Here the agonies of a violent antipathy encreased so fast upon him, that his housekeeper, who overheard him, and knew his humour, desired Mr. Smack to persuade him in, to tea.

This unaccountable execration perfectly petrified me, and I was fairly sobered by surprize : God protect us ! (said I, in one of *my* whispers) what very poor creatures we are ! here is a man now, placed by thy indulgence in a perfect Eden, hath the love and society of a fair, and no doubt, amiable

amiable companion; seems to command all the real prosperities of life, even to a degree of luxury; and yet, torn to pieces by a hateful passion, even aversion to his neighbour, might as well have been placed by thy destiny in a dungeon, into which the blessed beams of thy animating sun never penetrated, nor any of his present comforts be permitted to visit him—! not forgive! triumph in malice! cherish implacability! one fellow-creature, set his heart propensely against another! lie upon it. Ah wherefore am I thus perpetually upon the hunt to examine and promote felicity? How *shall*, how *can* it be promoted, when those whom Providence have so peculiarly favoured, resolve to be at once impious, and,

what indeed I begin to feel is the consequence of impiety, to be wretched?

Mr. Blake's fit of spleen was soon over, and he drank his tea with that dull composure which was characteristic of him, except when, as in the late instance, his passions were worked upon, by any immediate object of their detestation. His house-keeper appeared very agreeable at the tea-table, and save that, now and then a word dropt from her, not quite so feminine, such as, *consume* it, *confound* it, *pax* rat it, and the *dee'l* (meaning the devil abbreviated) she sustained herself vastly well. To me she was particularly civil, and asked me the common edifying questions of the tea-table, such as whether my cup
was

was sweet or not, &c. &c. with such a smile upon her face, that had not Blake been present, her own heart engaged, and the object smiled *upon*, more of a coxcomb than Benignus, it certainly might have been interpreted into a sort of an overture: for the language of smiles, is really very intelligible to a keen observer, and they often mark the sentiment of the soul so obviously and distinctly, that he must be a novice indeed who mistakes them. However, I took it for granted this fair house-keeper was in truth Blake's wife, and so her smile passed off, as the courtesy of a mighty good-natured woman; who, finding her husband not in a very entertaining humour, thought it incumbent upon *her* to make the visit

as

as pleasing to her guests as possible. A brimming bason of tea was sent to Mr. Green, who, soon after drinking it, made his appearance again in the parlour; and Mr. Smack observing that the fun was down, said he must take his leave: a motion which I readily seconded. Blake urged us to stay supper, or at least insisted that now I had been shewed the way, I would come often to Kennington; Aye, do sir, said Mrs. Blake, and when he is not at home, *I* will do my best to deserve the favour of your company, so name the day.

This request was accompanied by another of those smiles, that made it irresistible; and I promised to wait upon them on the next Sunday: this satisfied them: Mr. Green took me
aside

afide under pretence of doing a little business for him in town, and bid, me, half blind as he was, not, at any time to go to Blake's without *him*, Alexander Green; and then, declaring that I was a lad of a thousand, suffered me to depart.

C H A P. CXVIII.

Mr. Smack, and I walked leisurely to town, and what is strange, without an adventure: Smack, indeed, frequently made a pause against the pales of a garden, and told me, that he was very certain the owners ought to think themselves thrice happy, as the poet says; though once, continued he, *once Benignus*, I knew a man,
a Mr.

a Mr. Budbright (that had the finest garden in all Kent) as wretched a mortal as ever was born: this Mr. Budbright was a professed florist: if his tulips were more prettily streaked this year than the last he was happy, but then, if he saw in any other man's garden, a finer tulip than he could shew in his, he would be taken sick upon it directly: Lord, how have I heard him curse the weather! the sun for being too hot, the shade for being too cool, the hail for pattering down a pink, the rain for drowning *this* flower, the heat for drying up *that*: why I remember, I was once at his house on a very fine day, which tempted him to uncover several little nurseries of *noticks* as the poet says, and he was just going to display the beauty

beauty of these to me, when a dark cloud made him take to his legs (and knock down one of his children, as it stood in the way) that he might cover his precious plants, before they received any injury from the wet. But who can manage the fates, as the poet has it? The shower fell very heavy on the sudden, before he got to the plants, and this put Budbright into such a passion, that he quarrelled with his wife all dinner-time, and made my visit so disagreeable, that I left him to his humours, as soon as I decently could: for though I love flowers, Mr. Benignus, I love the God that made them still better, and I don't in the least doubt but he knows better than I (though I am a tolerable judge to be sure) when to *keep* the shower,

flower, and when to let it fall upon the tender *verb*, as the Poet says.

I told Mr. Smack, that I perfectly agreed with him as to the knowledge of Providence, and asked him, what opinion he had of his friends Blake, and Green, as the Poet says? The least is said the sooner is it mended, replied Smack: they are two merry men, and I now and then am *treated* by both of them very civilly. But what think you, said I, of Mrs. Blake? Why as to Mrs. Blake, said Smack, shutting one eye—the least is said, the sooner is it mended *there* too—as to Mrs. Blake, I think she is—a—very merry woman.

As it was evident Mr. Smack had some reasons for speaking so reservedly, possibly because he was now and then

then *treated* civilly, I had not curiosity enough to fish for intelligence, where the prey was prepared to expect a hook under the bait, and so, finding we had by this time got pretty far into town, I called a coach, wished Mr. Smack a good evening, as the poet has it, and then made the best of my way to Mr. Draper's.

C H A P. CXIX.

Poor, said I, as I rolled along, poor and ineffectual are the pleasures of dissipation. I went out in the morning with an aching heart, and I come home in the evening with an aching head. Nor is the heart much lighter than it was: I have passed, or rather
thrown

thrown away many hours, like a wretched stroller as I am, in search of a benefit, I have not yet found; and the *vanity* that led me to hope relief from the gaieties of giddy company, have produced little more than additional *vexation*!

As I approached Dover-street, my heart began to beat more briskly; and as I saw the door of Draper, I trembled from top to bottom. Upon going in I asked for Mr. Draper, and was told by his valet that several letters were for me, upon the library table, and amongst others one from his master, who was not to be at home till the next day. I hurried upstairs the faster for this intelligence, and shutting the library door approached the table. No less than four
letters

letters were waiting my perusal, and three of them in the same character—a character I did not even look upon without emotion: the other was a billet from my friend Draper, which, in flat opposition to the impulses of my heart, I was resolved to read first. I here give a copy of it to the reader.

“*Draper* is well, and happy, but the less so, as an indispensable circumstance (that shall not long be concealed) will detain him to night, and perhaps to-morrow, from the company of *Benignus*.”

This card without date, &c. sent by a porter who was to stay for no answer, puzzled me: however, as my thoughts were too partially engaged another way, I left the unrid-

ding of it to himself, who was indeed pretty enigmatical in his *own* conduct, and character. And now came on the moment of trial: the others were evidently from Lucy, and every one of them bore the marks of a hand and heart disturbed, even in the folding and sealing: I debated whether I should read them, or destroy them unread. I put them into my pocket, and twisting my arms, into a kind of philosophical fold, traversed the room. Yes, said I. I am equal even to this, to read is to ruin: I will repress the fatal curiosity. Yet surely there can be no harm in hearing what she says—perhaps she has good-naturedly taken leave of me—perhaps she applauds my design—perhaps she may want some little
ad-

additional accommodation, — perhaps—perhaps—

Here I drew one of the letters again out of my pocket, and fumbling at the wax (even as I had again begun a meditation on the danger of it) had broken it gradually open, and held it up to my face, half unfolded. I saw the tender epithet of “most dear Benignus,” at the top, and had the courage to shut my eyes, then pressing it gently up, buttoned it into my bosom, and sat down in a chair.

And art thou grown *inhuman* Benignus, said I? Not read the letter of thy Lucy! Art not thou enough master of thyself, to persevere in the rigid plan thou hast laid down as the rule of thy future conduct, but thou suspectest thy relapsing even on

the receipt of a letter: put more confidence in thyself: thou art stronger than thou thinkest!

This mode of reasoning soon reconciled me to the matter in hand, and I believe I should have been able (with the assistance of the seducing passions, that were now in arms) to argue myself into the propriety of shooting a bolt, or picking a lock. I took another letter from my pocket, and unfolded it with a violence that tore the paper. You have, worthy reader, a fair copy of the contents underneath.

To Benignus.

I am above hanging upon a man's hands, after he is tired of me, so
can

can only say that I am resolved to
take vengeance on Draper, and am
your insulted

LUCY.

P. S. As you ordered the jewels,
I can't persuade the man to take them
back, and so enclose his bill, for
payment of which he will call to-
night, but if you had not bespoke
them, I would not have received
them; and yet, it is ten to one, but
I shall be fool enough to shed a tear
when I look upon them, and think
that they were the last present of
the too dear Benignus. Heigho!

Farewell.

Poor girl, (said I, on reading this)
the touches of nature, and tenderness

are too evident: but I am glad to find her bear it so well. How could I be afraid to open letters that contain nothing whatever to alarm or to soften me into a relapse. I perceive I may read them all very safely. This encouraged me to open the second epistle; that, which remained in the pocket.

To Benignus.

Ah Benignus, it is too cruel in you to leave me all at once: give me but a month—a fortnight—a week, to wean myself gradually from a man, who has now been my companion for almost half a year. I cannot part with you, without some preparation: indeed I can't. Nor is it in the nature
of

of Benignus, to deny softening, as much as he consistently can, the misery of everlasting absence, from

LUCY.

P. S. In my confusion, I forgot to acquaint you, that you have left your sword here, but I will not send it you. If you come, take it: but if you resolve to continue cruel, I shall, you may depend upon it, find a proper employment for it, and order it, when I am going *indeed* to leave both you and the world, to be brought to the man who directed it to the heart of

LUCY.

This letter occasioned too much agitation, notwithstanding the old

hackneyed Rosamond-pond images, of death, bowls and daggers in it, to permit remarks ; and so, in order to wound myself completely, I took from my bosom what follows.

To Benignus.

Most dear Benignus,

Allow me only the warning of a day—come and give me the last embraces to night—sleep within my arms this *one* night, and I will without complaining, suffer you to forsake them to-morrow. Besides this, I have a secret to impart to you that must not be concealed—Ah Benignus, it *cannot*, *will* not much longer be concealed—every hour will bring onward the tender discovery—the whole

whole world must shortly know it—
why then should it be hid from Benignus a moment? Why should he not be told, what so nearly concerns him!

“Heav’n first taught letters for some wretch’s aid,
Some *banish’d* lover, or some captive maid;”

Especially since they so well

“Hide the *blush*, and pour out all the heart?”

Take then, oh my Benignus, the interesting fact, a fact which nature, love, and duty, unite to urge a disclosure of—our passion will soon be rewarded with a dear pledge of it—I carry about with me the image of Benignus—I am with child by him—I—I can say no more.

LUCY.

Here the paper dropt from my trembling hand ; I struck that hand upon my heart, and the heart obedient to the blow, brought the tears of remorse and agony into my eye. As soon as words found their way, I exclaimed in a reprobating tone of voice—a bastard ! and have I, after all my benevolence, all my affected delicacy been instrumental to the life of a Being that must pass its days in shame, ridicule, and ignominy—and yet—shall the poor parent suffer for this—shall the weary and painful hours of the woman in travail, be made more bitter by the neglect of the very man who hath brought on her growing calamity—ah no ! forbid it humanity, forbid it nature. It would now be impious to leave her.

I will

I will go this moment—perhaps even now she—even now——

I put the letters into my pocket, and went expeditiously down stairs, the clock striking ten as I reached the last step. I shall sleep out to night Crimpa, said I; and went into the street, without thinking of my supper.

C H A P. CXX.

I continued absolutely to run, till I arrived at the lodgings of Lucy, which I no sooner entered, than the bewitching creature ran to me, and gave me such a kiss of welcome as completely did for me. In the dining-room was sitting, even at that time
of

of the night, an ill-looking but well-dressed elderly woman : Lucy met me on the stairs, and telling me she had been very ill all day, and very lonesome, had been obliged to an old country acquaintance to sit a little with her, but you may go now Mrs. Trickmaid, said she, I shall be very well now my dear Benignus is come. The old Lady curtesied ceremoniously, and paraded down stairs with great pomp ; and, not thinking her worth a question, or rather not having time to ask *uninteresting* questions, I had a tongue only for Lucy, whom I treated with much greater tenderness than ever. And are you not angry with me Benignus, said she, for the additional expence I am likely to bring upon you, or are you now
come

come to take leave of me for ever?

However, be that as it may, the happiness of this night shall not be made worse than it *ought* to be, by painful anticipation. Saying this, she took me in her arms, dropt her head, as if unable to support it, upon my bosom, and—we did not sleep in separate chambers.

Early in the morning, the servant came into the bed room, to inform Lucy, that the jeweller was come again. Hang the fellow, said Lucy, for disturbing us, what shall we say to him, Benignus—say, my dear, replied I, pay him this moment to be sure, and I ask your pardon that I should have forgotten to inclose a sufficient bill for the purpose; but the disorder I was in yesterday morning will excuse

Use it to you. Nay, said Lucy, I am now very indifferent as to such matters : I have got you again Benignus, and no other jewel upon earth can add to the lustre of my present happiness.

The well-timed tenderness of this speech, would have made me pay with pride and pleasure, a bill of larger amount than the present : although the earrings were no trifles in point of price neither, bearing no less a valuation than 200 guineas. Upon talking with the trader, I could not help saying it appeared to me a most monstrous price for so small a trinket.

The smaller the more elegant, my dear, said Lucy, but I think as well as you, Mr. Knicknack might abate something.

Abate,

Abate, madam, said Knicknack—not a sixpence—I don't get a guinea by them, and I would not sell them so cheap to any body else, in the world—but as you are likely to be a customer, why—I won't stand with you, and therefore I have been at a word. But won't you have the necklace along with them Madam? It is a thousand pities to part them. They are for all the world like brother and sister, or rather like man and wife, and so pray madam let them go together—oh fie—how can you wear the earrings without the necklace: 'tis impossible, is it not sir?

Don't tell me said Lucy, I am sorry to put the gentleman to the charge of the earrings, and I will give you
ten

ten guineas out of my own pocket, to take them again.

I was so well pleased with this generous conduct of Lucy's, that I was resolved to reward it : and, pray Mr. Knicknack said I, what would be the charge of this necklace ? I can afford it to *you* sir, at two hundred more, and I would not sell it so dog cheap to my own father.

Poor Lucy had suffered so much upon my account on the yesterday, and had given such manifest tokens of a good disposition, that I e'en desired (to use the jeweller's phrase) this *brilliant couple*, might be strictly united ; and gave him a draft upon Mr. Parsons of Chancery-lane, for the sum of four hundred guineas. Lucy took

took me again into her arms, and said, that I had now made her happy *beyond expression!*

C H A P. CXXI.

I thought myself so bound to Lucy by the ties of nature, at least till the birth of the child, and provision of the mother, that instead of finding more arguments *against*, I did every thing to favour those ideas, which suggested the contrary; and as to the guilt of the connexion, I thought of that as little as possible: indeed, the fact was, I had not the confidence to give way to reflections of that sort, lest I should be tempted a second time to desert the now preg-

nant Lucy. Nay, I will fairly own to the reader, even at the hazard of sinking in his estimation, that I had two or three severe conflicts with myself, whether, as an honest man, notwithstanding the loose life of Lucy, I ought not, before the birth of the babe, to sanctify, as it were, its appearance in this world by a lawful acknowledgement of Lucy as my wife. Whom, said I, whom have I to fear, but the terrors of my own conscience? Whom have I to please, but my own heart, and the good God that gave it?

By an act of indubitable equity, it is now in my power to render honourable, the life of that creature I have begotten, which will otherwise be spent in disgrace: the mother too,
has

has been indiscreet, but is young in error, and may, by being led into the purer path, walk in it the residue of her days, with delicacy, with dignity, and proper attention to the double duties of wife and parent. What hinders me then from yielding to such benevolence? Why should I hesitate to do that, which is thus urged by the approbation of reason, and justice? I know not indeed as yet any of Lucy's family; I know not from whom she sprang, by whom she was ruined, nor to whom she is related. Hitherto I have considered her as the object of dalliance; and I was also cautious of entering into subjects that might heighten my perplexity: but the case is now altered; she has certainly been constant to me, and the

effect of that constancy is, unless I provide against it, likely to be her greatest misfortune. Were I to suffer this, I should be a discourager of fidelity, and an enemy to that tenderness which is the very cement of continued and progressive society.

On the other hand I argued, what many a man no doubt in similar circumstances has argued before me, that such a union would subject me to the ridicule of all my friends, and the absolute desertion of all my relations: that it would particularly pique the pride of the Darlings, and that even Draper's negative would be flat against it.

Well, said I, and what of all this? Shall the foolish censure of a world, led in the triumphant shackles of custom,

custom, browbeat me from a point I *feel* to be so very consistent with what is right? I thank heaven neither systems, nor adventures, nor the contradictory sentiments they have exhibited to me, have as yet, had any weight with me to alter the great duty I first cherished of “doing to others, as I would they should do unto me;” and, in poor Lucy’s circumstances, I am sure the duty to be done is too apparent to be neglected: nay, it comes recommended to me under the most touching and pathetic incidents: methinks I hear the helpless little infant plead its own tender cause: imagination assists me even to personify the scene. See, see the unfriended Being beseeches me to own it—the father is supplicated to

acknowledge his own child—the mother too, prevented by delicacy from making the request, looks up to me for protection, points out to me the features that most resemble the parent, kisses the beloved similitude, and only ventures to observe in a whisper, that had it been born in wedlock, it might one day become a joy to the wife, an ornament to the father, and a credit to society.

And were these arguments made to be resisted, were such advocates ever suffered to plead in vain? Avert it nature; avert it all that is godlike in the composition of man.

The conclusion of the whole matter was this: I will certainly have some very serious conversation with Lucy on this subject, and if I find her as de-

deserving in other respects, as I know her to be in some, I will overlook the circumstance of her first misfortune, and make her, in spite of all the opposing world, neither more nor less, than the lawful wife of Benignus.

C H A P. CXXII.

Let the Reader say what he pleases, the very center of my heart was cheered by this resolution, and promising Lucy I would dine with her, I took my morning-walk with a satisfaction to which, till then, I had been a stranger.

And now I paid my second visit to the unfortunate wife of the Grocer, in conformity to my intention. I

found Mrs. Brawn at the place appointed, and gave her five guineas, with a desire that she should get herself decently equipped, and in a comfortable lodging; and then told her I had a scheme in view that I hoped would make her once more happy; that is, said I, upon the supposition that you would not oppose any thing that might have a tendency to bring you and your husband together again. Mrs. Brawn was so elevated at the sight of the money, that she promised any thing, though it is probable she scarce knew to what she assented. She would go, she said, and do as I bid her directly, and hoped God would bless every step I took from this world to the next. In a few days then, Mrs. Brawn, added I, you will

will give me a call, agreeable to a direction; and I now gave her one of Draper's printed cards, containing his address; which Mrs. Brawn, wrapt up in a piece of paper, and put in her bosom. Having taken notice that her handkerchief was clean, her cap new, and her apron fresh washed since I saw her the day before. I told her that I perceived my last money was well bestowed—that I saw she was still a housewife, and that she gave me encouragement, from these prospects, to continue my assistance while it should be wanted: which, said I, both for your sake and your husband's (who is, no doubt, by this time sorry for his imprudence) will not be long.

From

From Mrs. Brawn, I took a stroll into Dover-street, to see if any fresh messages had arrived from the absent Draper. Nothing from my *master*, sir, said the servants, but here is a letter from some other person, and the porter has been waiting near an hour for an answer. If the sentiments of this letter surprise the reader as much as they did me, he will be surprised indeed.

Dear Nigg,

Luck is changed. After you went away last night, Blake and I set to it, and left off about half an hour ago. I am now going into bed, half past 10 o'clock in the day time, but as every shilling I had, is *fairly* won, I desire you will send me a guinea, which

which I will send you in return when fortune comes about again : I bought very luckily about 30 pounds worth of wearing apparel for my wife, and I have new rigged my children ; but it would be d—m—d hard to give, and take away from the poor things already : so send I say the 1*l*. 1*s*. just for the pot-boiling business, and who knows what to-morrow may bring forth for

Your

ALEXANDER GREEN.

Without either date or address was this very wonderful epistle sent to Dover-street, nor could the porter give me any satisfactory answer ; for the answer was to be carried to a coffee-house, and wait till called for. However I sealed up the only three guineas
I had

I had about me, and trusted it as desired by the messenger: he was scarce gone before I discovered a slip of paper that was enclosed in Green's letter to the following purport. Green's postscript was:

P. S. You have been a good while upon the hunt after a man *really happy*, I beg therefore dear Nigg, you will carry the inclosed as directed, whenever you set off upon the next fally. Good by.

The inclosed was open, and addressed

To Mr. Lemuel Dab, in Poet's nook, at Mr. Peper's, the 2d door, 4 pair of stairs, St. Giles's.

Dear Lem.

The *best* man I know is the bearer hereof, and he wants to see the *happyest*,

chief, which I know to be *you*. Pray
 call him as the friend of

A. GREEN.

P. S. I have no cash, or I would
 send it you. Good by.

C H A P. CXXIII.

That Mr. Green could preserve the
 same equality of temper—or rather,
 that he could so soon accommodate
 himself to the sudden reverses of
 fortune was astonishing; the more
 especially, that he could be calm
 enough to talk about happiness with-
 out six-pence in his pocket: yet I
 must own I was exceedingly struck
 with the direction and recommen-
 datory letter he had given me to Mr.
 Lemuel Dab, whom, as I had two or
 three

three hours upon my hands before dinner, I was resolved to visit upon the mere principles of curiosity. Without more delay then, I began (for the first time in my life) my journey into St. Giles's, where, after infinite difficulty, I found out the dark passage that led me to Mr. Peper's, the landlord of Mr. Lemuel.

The coachman had no sooner opened the door, than a difficulty arose; for lo! I had not a single six-pence in my pocket, having sent the very last running cash I had to Green. The fare was only a shilling, and yet that was twelve pence more than I could command. I told the driver very fairly my situation, and added, if he would call on me where he took me up, to-morrow morning, I would double his pay. As to that master, said the coachman,
I don't

I don't know you, nor do you know me; so I think the best way would be not to trust one another: besides, many gentlemen come out of great houses that never get admittance into them again; and yet, very few gentlemen come out of such a house as that, where I took your honour up, and come to such a d—m—d up-and-down place as this: and though I don't suppose this to be your honour's case, seeing that you are very well dressed, yet I doubt if your honour can't pay me *one* shilling to day, it may not be quite so convenient to pay *two* to-morrow: moreover, sir, it is but a good twelve penny-worth, and to be sure the friend you are going to *see*, can lend your honour such a trifle.

Od'fo,

Od'so, said I, that's true friend; I'll step up to the gentleman, and borrow the value of your debt; stand to your horses therefore, and I'll be with you in a minute. This trouble, however, the coachman was too polite to put me to, rather choosing, like a well-bred man that knew his business, to attend me closely, till we had no farther to do with one another. After passing through many strange labyrinths, even before we ascertained the tenement, and then climbing a flight of stairs at once broken and dirty, we came to a dark little door, on which was pasted a paper label, with the words, "Lemuel Dab." thereon. As I knocked for admittance, the coachman looked at me, as much as to signify his suspicions, that
out

out of *that* house would come no shillings. I took it for granted, and told him by way of reply, that he *might* stare, but that whatever he might think of it, the happiest man in England lived in that hut, notwithstanding his suspicions.

By this time, the lord of the mansion opened the door, and demanded our business. I delivered my testimonials, and while he was reading them, I recollected in his features, the marks of the *very* Lemuel, whom I had already seen at the shop of Mr. Luton the bookseller, with whose ingenious method of dealing with his authors, the reader is pre acquainted.

Mr. Lemuel Dab now offered his hand with great tokens of hospitality, and invited me into his apartments :

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E

but

but here the coachman again insisted upon *his* share of attention. Without more ado, I told Lemuel my embarrassment, and the awkward state of my *uxelle* perplexity; concluding with desiring the loan of a shilling. I have but *three halfpence*, sir, said Lemuel, or you should have it joyfully, but what of that? These trifles are settled instantly. What have you got about you of value? I took out of my pocket a tweezer-case, which very luckily happened to be of silver, an opera glass, and a pocket-book with silver clasps. Why, sir, cried Lemuel, you carry the Indies about you, and can you possibly be distressed about a shilling? Sit down three minutes, and I will accommodate you.

Lemuel

Lemuel took the tweezer-case, and went out, while the coachman and I remained in his lucubratory, which, in point of exterior, surpassed every thing but the lucubrator.

Sweet heaven, said I, what a variety of minds hast thou created : some people would shudder to be only in possession of three halfpence, while another accounts it sufficient to his felicity. But with how little ceremony does this man set off to sell my property. If he is not the happiest man, he has the happiest way of doing an unaccountable thing I ever knew since I was born : but the tweezer-case is a bauble, and so let it go ; besides, I have no other way of getting rid of this fellow, and 'tis all very well.

These cogitations were interrupted by the return of Lemuel, who put into my hand the value of half a guinea in silver, and a little slip of pasteboard, written upon, and notched at the edges,—*that* said Lemuel you'll put into your pocket-book, and so the business is settled. I gave the man his shilling and an additional sixpence for waiting, which he took without pulling off his hat, or pretending to thank me, and went sneering down stairs.

C H A P. CXXIV.

Mr. Lemuel and I, soon entered into familiar conversation, in the course of which I gave him, at his request,

request, a partial sketch of my adventures, suppressing what I thought would not tell to my advantage: and at the conclusion I asked him, whether he thought any of the ways I had pursued, or seen, were the ways to Happiness?

The way to Happiness? Why how can'st thou be so preposterous? said Lemuel. The road is as plain as a pike staff. Your adventures are diversified and agreeable, without being useful, and they prove to me but one single truth.

And what is that? said I.

That all thy faculties, rejoined the philosopher, were given thee only to torment thee: that curiosity is the bowl, and sensibility the dagger by which thou art destroyed—that every

sensible property about thee, touch, taste, sight, smell, and every thing else, organic, animal, and homuncular, is of no more use to thee than the freckles upon thy chin, or the mole upon thy cheek-bone ! and that, in one sentence, thou art altogether the most unaccountable biped that ever snapt at thy own shadow, and mistook the real reasons for which the substance was created. Reduce happiness into a *system* indeed ! reduce the many-coloured clouds into a nutshell ! what the pestilence is the matter with thee ? Always complaining of ill treatment, and going about the world to complain of matters that are mighty well as they are ! I am glad however, that by means of my friend Mr. Green, you are come
in

in my way. I will take compassion on thy inexperience, and it shall be thy own fault if thou art ever unhappy again, let what will befall thee—sit still—attend.

In the gratitude of my soul, I put up a silent ejaculation, and made myself certain that my hour was now really come, and that I should pass the rest of my life in smiles.

Our three-halfpenny philosopher, caught up his pen with a gravity of muscles that portended something extraordinary, then, giving a mystical flourish with his elbow, waving it semicircularly, he wrote upon a small piece of blotted copy-paper the following words in large scrambling capitals.

THE ART OF BEING ALWAYS HAPPY.

Now for it, said I, throbbing with expectation! the ceremony is so awful, that I dare say the system or precept to which it leads, is solid and infallible : there is an air of divination in the very posture of the penman as he now sits, swelling over the majesty of his subject. I would not interrupt him for the universe.

C H A P. CXXVI.

After two or three minutes parade, he wrote under this promising title, one pithy period, in which the rules of Horace were so strictly observed,
that

that it consisted only of six words, which he wrote in a Roman text hand thus,

Take Things as You Find Them.

Here he laid down his pen, pointed with his finger to the maxim, and looked me full in the face; at last he addressed me thus, What think you now sir, eh? Have not I done your business completely?

Pray go on, dear friend, said I hastily, pray go on. Go on rejoined Lemuel, knitting his brows: aye, I thought so: I knew you would be at that sport! Why, where the pestilence would you have me go to? No, sir, I shall go no farther; I *can* go no farther. The great nicety to be observed in every thing human is this,

KNOW

KNOW WHEN TO STOP.

Why I have done man, totally done: engrave it in letters of adamant—engrave it on a plate of gold, surrounded by gems of precious price, and let it be hung by a silver chain around thy neck.

Engrave *what*, Mr. Lemuel? said I.

What? replied he; oh blindness! why the golden rule I have given thee: there it is, the greatest, wisest, and the most wholesome system upon the face of the earth.

Take Things as You find Them.

Preach to eternity you can prove no more: unsettle by systems and long-laboured literary roundabouts, the very marrow in the hollow of your bones, you can come no closer to the ultimatum of all things desirable,

firable, *that* you may depend upon.
 Only observe this rule, and if it does
 not bring you through, even as it
 brought *me* through, why my name is
 not Lemuel Dab. Why, sir, I found
 my system on a basis of brags, even
 upon the fundamentals of 40 years ex-
 perience, and if I were to last 400 years
 longer, which I scarcely shall, it would
 remain the same infallible axiom.
 Well do I remember the time, when,
 made petulant by prosperity, and
 softened by a worse, because a *higher*
 situation than that in which you
 now find me; rendered peevish and
 effeminate I say, by these things, I
 used to quarrel with every thing
 around me, that did not hit my hu-
 mour to a tittle. I gave the slack rein
 to my passions, and they hurried me
 into

into many sorry scrapes that only made me more wayward. When I was angry I made no scruple to knock down a table, a chair, a glass, or a flower-pot, if it stood in my way. I fell out, even with these inanimate objects. I could not eat, if my dinner had the turn of the spit too much, or too little, without cursing the cook. I could not drink, if my beer tasted too much or too little of the hop without damning the brewer. I saw, or fancied I saw imperfections in every thing, but God took pity on me, sir, and deprived me of what is called my prosperous circumstances, in order to open the eyes of my perverted understanding: a few good, substantial strokes upon the heart cooled me wonderfully—the loss of an estate to
which

which I was born (that fell a prey to the lawyers) fettled me perfectly; and a little observation upon the affairs of men, assured me, that I might kick, and prance, and give myself airs, but it would all be to no purpose: that I should only live anxious, and go down into the grave sooner, for acting the self-tormentor; and tearing my body and constitution all to pieces: so, in progress of my practising these wiser sentiments, I found myself gradually better and better able to go through the twenty-four hours, let what will happen in them, without acting either like a stoic or a madman: I still *felt*, but I found it now and then politic, not to *shew* that I did so: I was obliged to live by dealing in a commodity few know to value,
and

and still fewer choose to purchase, even by retailing out the few wits that the Lord had lent me. I still continue to tug at this oar, and I cannot boast of my riches to be sure: but then I *am* sure I am as contented as if I had the possession of the Bank: I have my own set of pleasures, and they alleviate my pains. I can look upon a coach without wishing to be in it; at a cart, without thinking that is preferable to a coach; at a wheel-barrow, without wishing to trundle it; and at this stupendous City of London, with a sigh, to think that I know there are so very few a match, in respect to happiness, for a fellow who has but three-halfpence, and an Essay on Fortune, that will produce two shillings, upon the face
of

of the earth. In short fir, I have brought myself to this, and have done it, all by adhering to the only rule that was able to accomplish such a task: even by

Taking Things as I found Them.

C H A P. CXXV.

You see how happy I am, continued the philosopher; *semper eadem*, the same to day, to morrow, and for ever: but enough of this, follow my little rule, and you will be as happy, as myself. In the mean time, what say you to adjourning to some snug apartment, for the enjoyment of a crust, and a can of two-penny; drink, for the deities. I have no money indeed,

as

as I told you, except just sufficient for a good dinner, yet three farthings should have been deducted from my three halfpence to accommodate *you*, had it been necessary. This however, is out of the question: you have a wealthy pocket; *you*, to-day, *I* to-morrow; such is the balance of things, such is the fair and square, of heavenly government: hill and dale, up hill, down hill, and all for variety: come then, my friend, let us go forth to our regalement.

We went *forth* as he called it, and in travelling down stairs, the philosopher observed, there was a purity in the air of his lucubratory, that we should sorely miss, when we got lower, into a denser atmosphere. The higher we climb, said he, the nearer
to

to the gods, Benignus: as we verge towards earth, and the mundane system, we convolve with the dirt: but we must take things as we find them, you know; and so, *on* my friend, to the place that was made to receive the foot of man.

C H A P. CXXVI.

This Mr. Lemuel, was really so prejudicing a figure, that even his darling rule of, “taking things as we find them,” could scarce reconcile one to him. From top to toe, he was so uniformly uncouth, that so far from its being possible to consider any *peculiar* oddity, he was all over a compound of most ridiculous nature.

The scalp of his skull was totally bald, so that he was, as it were, all face from his chin forward, to the nape of his neck backward; and yet he affected to despise a wig. But what made this the more preposterous, was the grotesque *shape* of his skull, which, tapering away pyramidically from the ear, formed at the top a complete cone, not very unlike one of those cheeses, known by the name of the Stilton cheese. Under an immense depth of socket, lay encaverned our philosopher's eyes, overhung by such a profusion of brow, that Nature seemed to have made a small mistake, in suffering the hair to cover the face, instead of the head; for, had it been her divine pleasure to thin the eye-brow, in order to accommodate the

the

the pate, both might have been becomingly furnished: but, certainly her Ladyship was in her merriest mood, at the birth of this her ludicrous Lemuel: for besides these singularities, the nasal organ obtruded upon the oral; a pair of raw-looking lips, always on the gape, and twisted awry, exhibited a pair of jaws that, had not the chin by curling upwards, modestly aimed at concealing the abyss, it might not be safe for women in certain situations, to look upon them.

Such was the appearance which was now stalking into the street; and let me hope pardon for the decent pride of human nature, if I fairly confess I was somewhat ashamed of my companion; for, what was concealed,

or but “darkly visible” in the attic story, in which the man and the mansion were of a piece; now they came to be separated, and our philosopher set his face to the sun, I began to fear the fate of king Richard would be again realized, and the very dogs bark as Mr. Lemuel “halted by them.” Sober reasons justified these suspicions; for his habiliments, were of such a cut and such a colour; the thing that he wore by way of hat, so uncommonly absurd; so thin his carcase, to which was subjoined such an emaciated thigh, and such longitude of leg, over which were drawn such harlequin hose, that he was altogether a moveable wonder. Yet, feeling a mixt sensation of pity and surprize, as I saw him, like a dark shadow,

shadow, lengthen before me, I had the courage to keep within a yard of him in the public streets of this laughter-loving London.

Curiosity, however, threw her eyes upon him in a moment, and we were attended by a great multitude. As I knew not the place where Lemuel was accustomed to enjoy his *two-penny*, he took the lead; and after turning through nameless dark passages, and dirty alleys, amid the hoot of boys, the giggle of girls, and the silent astonishment of full-grown people; Lemuel, without seeming to regard the spectators that he had drawn around him, stooped at the door of a miserable building, which displayed at once the slope of age, and bad architecture. From hence issued a

smoke that ascended to the nostrils, and Lemuel, telling me we were landed, ducked his head, to fix his foot upon the steps ; and then, taking hold of my hand, we both sunk, like a pair of theatrical gists, into a cellar.

For some time, amazement had fixed her seal on my lips ; and *now*, had my existence depended on a syllable, it could not have been articulated. The fumigations of the place at my first entrance into this infernal ordinary, not only blinded my eyes, but took away my breath ; and I was absolutely enveloped in a mist of meat. Lemuel, on the contrary, to whom the fog was familiar, sat collected in himself, and told me, with appetite in his very look, that we were in a land flowing with milk
and

and honey! even in the land of Canaan.

A *flowing* land, I'll be sworn said I, for we are up to the ancles in water. In *broth*, my dear lad you mean, said the philosopher: a man of my principles, a man with any sort of moderation about him might live and prosper, upon what is here thrown away; we wade in marrow, and the richness of the bones, my best youth. We do *indeed*, replied I, and if we stay much longer here, shall I do verily believe wax exceeding fat; I am in a thriving way already Mr. Lemuel. Pshaw, rejoined Lemuel, sit thee down upon this form, and let us consider, what *dainty* we shall fix on: the worst of it is, in these places one's appetite

is always distracted by such delicious variety.

I sat down, and as well as I was able, kept myself from bathing in the broth. And now, my sight being in some degree restored, I had an opportunity to survey the cellar, and its inhabitants! Never, surely, did the human eye behold a more miscellaneous heap of dead and living subjects: on one side were displayed the quarters of an ox, the limbs of a lamb, and the entrails of a pig; raw and roasted, baked and boiled, mingling together. The cook in a greasy night-cap, and his shirt stript and folded in a truss to his elbow, was scorching at the fire. On the other side sat a row of shabby customers in
silent

silent expectation, and, to give a finishing to the whole, the window was blockaded by a parcel of poor creatures, who, unable to purchase the substance, were contenting themselves with the shadow, and actually dining upon the effluvia that came steaming from the pots.

As I, by this time, had received a surfeit, Lemuel had looked himself into longing. I'm for a slice of that ham, said he, my friend: ham is a promoter of two-penny. In compliment to Lemuel, I attempted to eat: this ham is too fat, said I; these greens are too much like yellows, this bread is too stale. Od's pestilence, cried the philosopher, *take things as you find them*: come, do as I do, man. Impossible, said I. Then read this,
cried

cried the philosopher, taking a little dirty manuscript out of his pocket, and presenting it to me—read that, and I'll finish in a minute.

I opened the book, and read the title, which ran thus: "The Essence of Truth, or the Art of being Happy, at all Times, in all Places." Now for it, said I, friend Lemuel: if thou canst prove it possible, for a man to sit stewing in a little, subterraneous cellar, and yet be coolly contented both in mind and body, thou art *indeed* a philosopher. I do prove it, every day of my life, said the philosopher with the meat in his mouth: shut the book, and behold ocular demonstration. Look at that lattice; all things are comparative. Those people would give their ears for the
fat

fat and greens, at which you toss
up your nose. Dost thou think so?
replied I eagerly : I shall save some
pieces upon my plate, as I always
do ; and then you shall see, rejoined
Lemuel.

Here waiter, said I, give each of
those women at the window, six-
penny worth of what they like best.
Sixpenny-worth ! cried the philosopher
in a loud voice, laying down his
knife and fork in astonishment : why
man, there never was heard such a
speech here, since the foundations of
the house were laid ; Lord, how little
dost thou know how to live : well
may so extravagant a man be miser-
able ; if the rich could conceive, *how*,
many of the indigent, as they are
falsely called, were subsisted ; they
would

would be taught, at the same time, more sensibility, and more œconomy. As to this place, notwithstanding the delicacies which surround you, a penny is competent, three-halfpence, is giving a little into indulgence; three pence is intemperate spending, and four-pence farthing is a downright debauch.

These observations excited in me the very first reflections on my *own extravagance*, and I was fully resolved to be more economical.

Soon after this, the philosopher said, he would regale with the luxuries of a pipe, asserting, that it answered two excellent purposes; first, by promoting meditation; and secondly, by promoting digestion. I told him I was summoned by a particular

particular engagement, which would at present deprive me of his company. He took hold of my hand, and with great composure, bade me farewell. Reserving only a shilling, which I was wise enough to keep for accidents, I begged his acceptance of the remainder, leaving the fate of the poor people at the lattice, to his discretion; then, promising to repeat my visit, I took leave of this truly practical philosopher, and after many enquiries, got out of the lanes into a main street, where, luckily seeing a stand of coaches, I made use of one to convey me once more to the apartments of Lucy.

CHAP,

C H A P. CXXVII.

How much more real happiness appeared to reside in the cellar of the philosopher, than in the lodgings of Lucy, at the time I arrived! the first object I met at the foot of the stairs, was Lucy's servant, arguing the point in seeming earnestness, with a shabby man, who was leaning against the bannisters: the next groupe of figures were disposed in the dining-room, in the following order; on the one hand was Lucy, who, upon perceiving me, burst into a violent flood of tears; opposite to her was the very old woman, who yesterday appeared as Lucy's friend; and at the other
end

end of the room, sat my worthy, and well-recollected acquaintance, Mr. Dodge: without more preface, the case stood thus. Lucy had, as she said, previous to my connection with her, resided at the house of this Mrs. Trickmaid, who, for board, lodging, and money lent, had run up a bill to the amount of 100 pounds, which she was resolved to have at a moment's warning; and, upon application, meeting an excuse, had taken out a writ, and put it, for *serving*, into the trusty hands of Mr. Dodge. Lucy took me into the bed-room, and told me, she could not bear the thoughts of my paying any more; and that, with my leave, as she would not live in the debt of such a base woman, she would send her ear-rings to be pledged.

pledged. I told her, it was a very unlucky affair, as I had lately drawn pretty deeply on Parsons ; but that I thought it my duty to pay it, if she knew it to be a reasonable demand.

The old woman said she had sworn to the debt; and Mr. Dodge hoped I would pardon him for serving his Majesty. Without teasing the reader with the disagreeable particulars of this affair, I shall just inform him that it ended, in my paying debt and cost, with sending a second messenger to Mr. Archibald Parsons. When the parties were gone, and Lucy and I left alone, she told me, the surprize and confusion of that cruel woman's unexpected behaviour was too much for her; and she begged permission to lie down on the bed. Here, as I attended

tended her, she said, in a whisper, that the very babe within her was disturbed; and she would not hurt the dear pledge for ten thousand worlds. This affected me so much, I wept in the sincerity of my tenderness, and quite forgot the expensive circumstance of the old woman and her hundred pounds.

After dinner, I talked with Lucy upon several subjects, on purpose to sound the depth of her judgment and understanding; both which were so much beyond women in her sad circumstances, that I was more and more convinced of her deserving a sacred situation. In the course of the afternoon, she became very agreeable, and shewed a good heart, by wishing with a sigh, that she had

seen me, before she had ever known guilt, but that (as it was) she might die first. Why *so*, Lucy? said I. Because *then*, Benignus, she replied, your child will not want a friend, and a protector in *him*, whom he will not be permitted to call father: one thing she said, sat heavy upon her bosom, but if I would grant one request, it would be infinitely relieved; it is only that you will allow me to turn all my trinkets into money, and place it in the Bank, for the use of *our* infant, lest after you have left me, it should be destitute; and after such a measure, no wants or temptations could prevail with me to touch it: nay, I will, with your leave, by a deed of settlement, put it out of my own power.

Hearts

Hearts of marble, or adamant only could support this; and in the glow of my feelings, I assured her, a decent competency should very shortly be made, by way of annuity, upon the mother of the infant; not, said I, Lucy, that I have any design to leave you, but because you should have a little comfortable dependence of your own, and be properly provided for, and set above the necessity of future improprieties, should any thing happen to *me*. Lucy said, I was goodness itself, and intreated she might withdraw to indulge the sensibility I had excited.

The happiness I had communicated to another, radiated upon myself, and I walked out into the street, and from

thence into an adjoining square, to soothe myself as usual, by soliloquy.

Oh generosity, what a source of joy art thou, to thyself and others! thou art the sun of the soul; the clouds of distress flee from before thee, the storms of misery are dispersed; and as thy impartial beam spreads comforts and blessings on every side, thou appearest only to shine the brighter, in proportion to the felicity that is thus benignly extended! continue then, oh continue to illumine my bosom: let this hand forget its employment, and this heart cease its motion, when it ceases to feel thy amiable energy!

A thinking man frequently walks fast; my reflections so assisted my legs,

legs, that I found myself at the farthest end of a distant street, when coming out of a house, I beheld the figure of a man which immediately struck me; and as he was going the opposite way, I walked along briskly to overtake him.

C H A P. CXXVIII.

In the person of this man, I saw—whom dost thou think, my good reader?—Even the grocer of Grassington, whom I no sooner accosted, than he recognized me, and spake thus. Ah—ha! my young hero, have I found you! you are a fine *benevolent* chap indeed, with a pax to ye; you *kidnap* people's children do you?

G 3

Gim me

Gim me my daughter, damme, gim me my daughter: 'tis you have got her now I find, after she was turned out of doors. This is your fine sarch after happiness, is it!

I ha' come all the way from Graf-fington *ater* you; your name's pretty well *up* there, I can tell you that, master *Nignus* the '*nevolent*. Gimme my daughter I say, or I'll send you over the herring-pond, take my word for't.

The least that I supposed was, that the poor Grocer's misfortunes, in the loss of his wife and daughter, had turned the little wits he had, and that he was now, being in the middle of the moon, in the height of his delirium. I told him I knew nothing of his daughter, but believed I could help

help him to his wife, if he wished such a circumstance.

My wife!—what hast got *her* too, hast? Dost keep um *both* then—eh? I'll have thee hung, drawn, and quartered: thee may'st talk of thy *nevo-lence*, and such like, but I'll not budge from thee the length of my nail, till hast given me my daughter: as to Martha, she may stay where she is, I have almost lost all my substance for want of a woman to look sharp to shop, and so it can't be much worse with me; but *thee* shalt pay for all, master *Nignus*, I promise thee.

By this time a mob collected; it was in vain I protested I knew nothing of his daughter: though I owned I had rendered some little services to his poor destitute wife. He

swore he would fetch a warrant and *sarch* my house, and send both me, and his b—h of a daughter to Newgate before night: adding, that he was sure the wench was now in my house, and so, says he, thee hadst better *gee* her up at once, for I tell thee again, and again, you *nevolent* son of a w— I'll not leave thee.

As nothing would satisfy him but a conviction that I was really innocent of the crime imputed to me, I e'en agreed to take him with me, first to Lucy's, then to Draper's; and indeed I now began to consider the charge of too important a nature, both to *my* character, and the Grocer's peace of mind, not to clear myself. I suffered the Grocer therefore, to waddle by the side of me, till I got

to the door of my mistress, which, being accidentally left open, the grocer rushed in, and I after him. Lucy's maid seeing us, ran as fast as possible up stairs, without speaking, to acquaint her mistress (as I then supposed) that a stranger was coming. Mr. Brawn, now in a violent perspiration, mounted the stairs, and without knocking, broke open the door that the maid had just shut after her; which he had so sooner done, than he roared out, in a voice inconceivably dreadful. Did not I tell thee so—eh? Did not I tell thee thou hadst got her? What do you say to *this* Mr. Nignus, the *nevolenti*? And what do you say to it you fine dizend-out huffey—eh? With your silks, and tricks,

tricks, and your *trinkumbobs*, and such like—eh?

The vehement scream of Lucy, the confusion of the maid, and the language of Brawn, soon convinced me, that I had really been all this time connected with the Grocer's debauched daughter; and yet the whole matter appeared to me so like a dream, that I was as little able to answer, as to account for it. All that I was able to say, was to ask what all this meant? What is it, replied the Grocer, why that you've made a w—— of my daughter, or at least you have *harboured* her, and that's enough for me. Nay, I can bring witness, that thee saidst thee hadst my *wife*, and I don't doubt but thou
hast

hast made a w—— of she—mayhap,
she's in next room. I'm *'solved* to see
howsoever.

Here he made an effort to open the door of the bed-room, but was opposed both by Lucy and the maid, each protesting nobody was there: but, as Brawn continued to persist in his resolutions to search the whole apartment, I went myself to second him; and we met the most obstinate resistance from the women. A letter in the scuffle, dropt out of Lucy's pocket, which, to prevent farther mischief, imagining it to be one of mine, I took up; and the Grocer at last gained his point, at the same time gave Lucy a thrust with his hand against the wainscoat, that brought her upon the carpet in a swoon.

Brawn,

Brawn now ran raving up and down the room, tossed about the bed cloths, shook the curtains, examined the closets, and was coming disappointed into the dining-room, when he bethought himself to look under the bed, where, lo! after stooping down to the task with great difficulty, he saw, and pulled out by the left leg a something very like a man, that had upon its back a very glittering coat, and upon its belly, a still more glittering waistcoat. Who art *hee*, eh? said the Grocer, turning him over; another *nevolent* chap I *'spose*.

Upon this, the figure arose, and convinced the whole company he was *alive*, though infinitely drunk. He swore, as well as he was able to make out the matter, that *that* Lady was
his

his property, that he would not de—
de—liver her to the Crim of Tar—tar,
nor the Z—aar of Muscovy, and
that as he had already killed one man
upon her account, he would kill two
more, if—if they did not instantly
quit the prem—i—fes.

This heroic resolution was very
near producing a battle, for our stag—
gering young gentlemen drew his
sword, which was really stained with
blood, and waved it at the breast,
first of the Grocer and then me, while
the Grocer flew to the fire place, and
seized the poker. It was no time for
dallying, and I was, at the risque of
my life, resolved to quiet this spark ;
accordingly I stole behind the chair,
where he had by this time seated him—
self, got the sword from his grasp,
and

and drawing him on the floor, examined his pockets for *that* information, which he was himself, unable to give me *verbally*. Not a trace however, remained to lead me: not a single clue to this enigma, and all that either threats, or persuasions could extort from either Lucy or her maid, were, that he was a drunken rake, who, seeing the door open, had forced himself up stairs, and could not be persuaded to go away, till hearing us coming, the mistress had prevailed upon him to go through the bedroom down stairs, as soon as we were in the dining room.

Very true, as you say, fair Lady—very true.—I am but a dr—drun—drunken rake as you observe; cried the man, and so—gem—gentel—lemen

men your humble servant, I—I—I'm
—o—only a rake.

He got up, and reeling to the stairs, fallied into the street. The mistery increased; the puzzle was more intricate than ever. One thing *howsoever* is plain, said Brawn; this here is my daughter, my property, and I feize her in the king's name. I'll have her home if its only to vex her; and as for thee master Nignus, I'll take care of thee, as soon as I can talk to *layer* I promise thee. So come along miss.

He was proceeding to lay violent hands on her, when the landlady of the house came up with a letter, which, she said, was to be given into no hand but Mrs. Lucy Brawn's; I told the woman that brought it,
ma'am,

ma'am, there was no such person here, as you go by the name of Silborn. Silborn be d—d, said the Grocer; what dost talk of Silborn? She was born and christened Brawn, and she is every inch a Brawn, and my *brawn*, I'll swear to her; so *gee* the letter to me, or else I'll send ye to the herring-pond, for I'm her lawful father, and such like.

The landlady delivered the letter, and very prudently retired; while my grief, indignation, and amazement, increased so fast upon me, that I was almost distracted. Brawn, having opened the letter, swore it was written with such a d—d up and down fist, he could not *cypher* it, and threw it to me: but it signifies nothing talking, I'll have *laa*, and my daughter; so saying, he caught Lucy by the arm, and

and she, falling upon her knees, asked pardon, and said, if he would be less violent, and come to-morrow, she would *tell* every thing, and *do* every thing he would have her.

I did love thee once, Lucy—knowst I did—would have given the best at the Sugar-loaf to make thee happy: but now you are gone, and Martha is gone, and my substance is at *rack* and ruin, I don't know what to do, what to say, nor whither to betake me: why poor Bob Blewit is better off than I am now; lawyer Limbo's come back as rich as a Jew, and Bob's going to have all his *fortin* again, and they say will be richest man in county; but I, I luckee have nothing to hope now. Why should I get money? I love nobody. I can't find

my wife ; I'm ashamed of my daughter ; and I an't so fat as I was by several stone ; I am half melted with fretting.

The poor Grocer began to weep, and his whole speech, together with the intelligence concerning Mr. Blewit, (who, by the by, returned my *last* present, with a grateful letter, in which he told me, his present circumstances did not require assistance) all wrought upon me but too powerfully ; and I did every thing my sensibility suggested, on so trying an occasion, to ease the heart of this offended and afflicted father. I told him every circumstance that related to his wife, at whose situation he forgot his usual ferocity, and cried like the child of *nature*, that gives way only to *natural* im-

impressions. I promised to bring about an interview. I assured him that, with respect to his daughter, I had protected her for some time, from worse conditions; and that, while I lived, she should never want a friend; nay, I even went so far, as to promise him, if I did not make her my wife, I would never see her again in an improper way, though I would sufficiently provide for her. The notion of making her my *wife* had wonderful weight with the Grocer, who took me by the hand, and said; you did not *ruin* she, I know that, and so can the easier forgive: but I am now so much the talk of Grassington, and the Sugar-loaf is so loanesome, that I can't smoke, nor I can't go about, nor I can't bustle, nor I *can't*

do *nothing*; for what, after all, is a man's gettings, if he has neither wife nor daughter to share them? These remarks ended with his kissing Lucy, and telling *me*, that the whole matter of my having his daughter, was discovered by one I little thought on, but that he would tell me all to-morrow, and desired I would get Martha to see him, and that we might all have a meeting at the same house in the morning. Upon my promising this, he insisted on Lucy's going with him to the inn where he set up, and said, she should come with him again in the morning. The poor girl dared not refuse (such was her astonishment) and *I* had not the courage to oppose it; so off she walked, in an agony of half-stifled distress, with the Grocer.

They were no sooner gone, than I mastered my amazement sufficiently, to recollect the *letters*, and read them with the astonishment they commanded. That, which had dropt from Lucy's pocket begins the next chapter.

C H A P. CXXIX.

To Lucy Silborn.

Dear Creature,

I am glad you think so well of me, as to employ me without ceremony. May I never enjoy another moment in your society, and make a dupe of Benignus, if I do not revenge your cause, by *pinking* the fellow who hath

seduced this precious prize away, before you have got all that is good out of him. I should be a most ungrateful rascal, not to hazard my life to please *you*, to whom I owe, not only the necessaries, but the splendours of it. Lose no time in getting a settlement; the old woman (our friend Mrs. Trickmaid) is the best person in the world to tell you how to fleece such an open-handed, soft-hearted fool as him. Ask, and he gives; knock at his purse though ever so gently, and he opens it unto thee. In a word, if you can carry on the affair of the child, till you have got a good round sum, and nailed him down to an annuity, then let the gudgeon go. I am glad he continues to bite so eagerly.—I will lay a plan
for

for Draper instantly, and never see you again, till he is some how or other disposed of: I would send a thousand such fellows as he to the devil, for the love I bear to the divine Lucy. By the bye, I am sorry Mrs. Trickmaid gave you that d—d medicine, for if it had spoiled your shape and business ever so much, 'twas my child, and 'twas a pity to play it such a trick. Burn this, as soon as you have read it, for if it should get air, we might all be hanged, and that would be the devil: while Benignus is worth sixpence, and you play your cards well, I need not risque my neck again, by taking an evening's ride with a charge in my pocket.

I am dear Lucy, thine eternally,

L. L.

The next letter was addressed to the same lady, and presented me with the following agreeable intelligence.

To Miss Brawn.

Your father is again in town, and knows the whole affair, even to my being privy to your first granting the favour to L. L. He behaved here just now like one distracted, and is gone out to see if he can find you, or your keeper. As for me, he vows he will ruin me, and leave me at trial directly; but as to that, I snap my fingers; for the justices have too much reason to stand up for Mrs. Trickmaid; besides, most of them are customers. I know not what to advise. Where is L. L? I have not seen

seen him these four days. The affair of the hundred pounds was a good stroke, and if we had a little more time, you and I, would pluck every feather that was worth any thing out of this *goose*, and eat him into the bargain. But for God's sake be cautious. The old Grocer runs about the streets like a madman; don't go the windows, nor walk out for your life. How could he get all this information? I suspect your friend Dennis. However, be sure to make hay while the sun shines: get every shilling you can out of your cully, tie him down to—fairly coax, and kifs him out of an annuity, and then if you can't quarrel with him, get off in the dead of the night, you know where; and if possible I will put into play the other wheels.

My

My house may be watched, and I dare not yet walk your way. I charge you to commit every slip of paper you receive either from me, or L. L. into the flames. Consider, Lucy, I am a mantua-maker, and it would ruin my character, if—but I need not say more : you are a sensible girl, and if it was not for your love to L. L. who you know is an arrant highwayman, would be the richest woman, and the best friend, that ever came into the unsuspected house of

your

Teresa Trickmaid.

P. S. I have directed to Miss Brawn, as *you*, for what reason I know not, last desired.

Not

Not to trouble the reader with my *reflections* upon the perusal, of these truly original epistles, I shall only say that I found myself as complete a bubble as ever fell into the hands of a woman; I found that, besides all this, Mrs. Trickmaid was a procuress; Lucy her pupil, and the fellow whom the Grocer had drawn from under the bed, was her favourite: that, he had suffered his own child to be murdered by drugs (used by unhappy wretches on such occasions) lest her shape should not be sufficiently attracting, to delude fools and simpletons like Benignus. I found also, that there was no truth in either the affair of the infant, for whose imaginary creation I had undergone so many paternal pangs; nor in the hundred pounds debt

debt supposed to be due to the diabolical Mrs. Trickmaid; and I did not doubt but the jewels, the necklace, and every thing else, were conducted upon the same ingenious principle.

Rage and anger prevailed, and I threw myself, in the severest self-condemnation upon the bed, cursing the simplicity that had misled, and made me a dupe to seduction in every form, in every shape, in every sex. But, recollecting the revenge denounced against my dear Mr. Draper, I rose up, in an agony of apprehension, and (though I saw Lucy's maid, tying up a bundle, with her hat and cloak on, and in a violent hurry—all which denoted guilt) I took my hat without speaking to her,
hung

hung on my sword (without hardly knowing about what I was employed) and ran to his house.

C H A P. CXXX.

Here, oh my good reader, I had no sooner arrived, than I saw every thing in the utmost confusion, and such an unexpected assemblage of people, as cut me to the soul.

The very first object was Benjamin, who came resolved if possible to see me, because Nancy Dennis's cousin, had told him something which frightened him almost to death. Nancy Dennis's cousin, sir, said he, was some time ago, in place at a mantua-maker's, one Mrs. Trickmaid's, but left her house because

cause of some bad doings going on; and she came with tears in her eyes, sir, to me and Nancy (to whom I was yesterday married, sir, by my uncle's consent) and she related such things to us—good Lord, sir, I have not the face to tell you what she said, about you, and her, and the Grocer's daughter. Nancy's cousin, sir, wrote a letter of the whole affair to the poor Grocer her father, and I am afraid, sir, she mentioned *you* in it; I am afraid she did; but indeed I knew nothing about it; more did Nancy, as I have a soul to be saved, sir: but, continued Benjamin, its no time to talk now—poor Mr. Draper is—is—is—dead, sir—poor Mr. Draper is dead.

Draper, dead!—said —

The

The servants, who remained hitherto dumb, now delivered me a letter from an unknown hand, and another inclosed therein,

To Benignus, at Theobald Draper's,
Esq. Dover-street.

Sir,

Your friend Mr. Draper is no more ; he expired this morning, a martyr to the sincerity of his friendship. I have given directions to have him conveyed home ; his murderer cannot long be concealed ; and I, who was his friend in a late engagement, and have been long known to him, will never leave his body, till it is deposited in his grave.

To

To the ever-dear Benignus.

Most beloved Companion,

I cannot suffer the breath utterly to leave me, (which must be the case in a few hours, for a mortification has taken place) till I have exerted myself to write to you. The other day I heard you aspersed in public company, with names, I know you never merited, by a man who had the appearance of a gentleman. As such, I met him in the cause of an injured friend. We fought with swords; I disarmed him twice: but he refused to make apologies, and even renewed his abuse upon the character of the dear Benignus. I struck with a violence, inspired by my regard, full at his heart: the point

point of the unfaithful sword struck against the button of his coat, and snapt; and then, villain—I cannot call the desperate wretch a coward, —villain as he was, he took me in the moment of my disadvantage, and thrust his weapon, with all his force, into my body, and (contrary to my expectation, and the first hopes of a surgeon, whom I took with me to the ground) the stroke was vital. I am now dying at the surgeon's house, unwilling till the last minute to communicate the tidings to Benignus. As to my estate, it is entailed by a foolish father, upon a more foolish cousin; and therefore, cannot be in the possession of the only man I love in the world: my house in Dover-street, and all the furniture, and the library, are

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yours;

yours; and *other* little testimonies of tender friendship, mentioned in a memorandum just drawn up, by a person of my surgeon's acquaintance. Ah Benignus, I can hardly hold the pen; yet I will not, if it be *possible*, I will not drop it, till I have enjoined Benignus, to quit the society of Lucy, and all *her set*; to enter (as soon as is expedient) into chaster connections; to take more care of his *worldly* affairs; to be less the prey of parasites, and—and—(I write—in great agony Benignus—) to remember the name, and the friendship of his expiring

THEOBALD DRAPER.

P. S. Who the man I fought with is, I do not know; nor would I suffer

suffer my friend to *detain* him. He fought brave, and I charge you to take care of your *own* affairs; since mine in this world, are now—(for I have resolution to write to Benignus, at the point of death—supported by many people, and many pillows) since my affairs, I say, are all—all—now—nothing, Be—Benignus.

C H A P. CXXXI.

Scarce had I read this letter, before the dead body of Draper came to the door, attended by the surgeon, and another friend, who was present at the engagement. Words would wrong what past within my mind at this fight; and poor Benjamin was

only inferior to me in misery, forgetting quite his joys with the new-married Nancy, the woman of his heart.

Three days did I hunt with a vigilance scarce to be equalled, after the murderer of my friend. Three days did I search every corner of the metropolis, for the abandoned L. L. who was palpably the wretch! and that very blood I saw, was the blood of Draper, of Draper who fought and fell to vindicate the most extravagant Benignus! I could not find him, I could not find the perpetrator of a deed that should have been paid for with his life or with mine.

On the fourth day it became necessary to give the remains of this noble youth to the dust, and on that evening

evening were put into the grave the remains of the finest, truest, and most accomplished man in England.

He was buried in the tomb with his ancestors, and when every attendant was gone, and all the people that flock round a pompous funeral were dispersed, I bribed the sexton and the clerk to give me the key of the church, where I past the whole night upon the cold tomb of my poor Draper, and I half execrated the morning that tore me from him.

The next day elapsed before I had a thought to bestow on Lucy; yet let me not, said I, repay evil with evil: since I cannot find the villain that seduced her, and murdered Draper, let me not, like a vindictive spirit, add to the misery even of the

guilty ! these reflections gave me courage to address the father in the following manner.

Sir,

I restore your daughter, (whom I will never again see, or speak to) totally to your dominion, and I inclose such a direction, as will be likely to find your wife, who would, I believe, wish to be reconciled to you. Should you retain any anger in your breast against me, I can only say that I am, at this minute, as wretched as one man, can possibly wish another to be.

BENIGNUS.

This produced the following reply, which, being perfectly characteristic

istic of the Grocer, would at any other hour than the present, have produced a smile.

Sir,

Mr. Be Nignus.

As to you not *spekin* agin to my dater, I does not design thee shouldst if thee wouldst, and as to my wif, I'll go and take her to Zugar-loaf at Grassington, purpose to let you see I am a better kristian nor you, and such like. As to the matter of your mi-furry, I am glad to hear you have got a bad breast, because why, the worse the better, seeing as it will make you *nevolent*, for the time to come, and such like. I don't think you worth going to laa about, else would send you over the herring-

pond. So I fees you wont make
my dater a wif, thof you made her
a w— and fuch like. I can mantan
her yet—aye and my wife too, and
I won't leave 'em behind me again
for fuch nevolent rogues to ruin as
ye, and fo master Nignus, as all your
fammurly are afhamed of you, I ref
your humble fervant,

BENJAMIN BRAWN,
Grocer, and fuch like.

Thus ended my intercourse, and
in this manner was diffolved my con-
nection with the perfidious Lucy, and
her father; the wife was, I under-
ftood foon after, reftored to the arms
of her greafy lord, who fet off with
his family (after mifrepresenting *me* to
all

all his friends) for Grassington; where, however, their return was neither happy nor harmonious; for the misfortunes of the wife, the daughter, and the husband were everlasting sources of domestic reproach: while I was reprobated as the cursed cause of all the mischief; and the name and conduct of the blundering Benignus! ignominiously circulated round the country, even till the scandal thereof reached my native village. The idea of these calamities, with the death of Draper, and the displeasure of Mrs. Darlington, drove me to the very verge of despair.

C H A P. CXXXII.

In some degree to bury, if possible, the anguish of my soul in the whirl of worldly recreation, I yielded to intreaties, and (being ashamed to meet the eye of Mrs. Darlington) paid a visit to Mr. Blake, who began to administer the old, ineffectual cordials—such as, “we were all mortal; that we were here to-day, and gone to-morrow; that it was foolish to grieve for what could not be helped—sooner or later we must all follow Mr. Draper, and that if I was to fret myself to death, what was done could not be undone.”

But

But all these stale common-place maxims had no other effect upon me, than to make me despise the vulgarity by which they were dictated, and yet in the society of this man, and his fair house-keeper, I sometimes found a refuge, rather than give myself wholly up to the embraces of solitude and sorrow. I made it however, a solemn custom (well suited to the present gloomy habits of my life) to pay a nocturnal visit once in the week, to the tomb of the admirable Draper; or rather to the church-yard, near to which the remains of this beloved companion were inurned. —I was one night offering my devotions to the shade of my friend, and walking pensively near to the porch of the church, “day being at odds
with

with morning," when I beheld two men, coming with stealing steps into the church-yard; and, after some little ceremony, they sat themselves down by the side of a grave.

Alas! said I, poor creatures! they are doubtless upon an errand no less melancholy than mine. They are upon a visit to the new-made grave of some dear departed friend. Perhaps, two affectionate brothers, are mourning over the ashes of a father—perhaps their tributary tears are devoted to a friend in the dust—perhaps a wife—a mother—or a sister, much loved, and much lamented, is crouded into the narrow mansion of mortality; or perhaps—

I was interrupted in the progress of these reflections, by perceiving
one

one of the men digging up the earth, as if with a spade, while the other still remained sitting as before. This excited my curiosity, and, under favour of a very cloudy atmosphere, I went softly along the yard, till I came near enough to observe the event of their business, and yet, by the shelter of an opposite tomb that was raised of stone in the center, I escaped any danger of *their* observation. Such a conversation soon passed between these two men, as may very well be disbelieved by those who are happily ignorant of the arts of this wonderful metropolis; or who are not intimately conversant with the great truth that is couched in the trite saying—one half of the people
of

of London, do not know how the other half live.

I was a witness, my worthy reader, to the following dialogue.

1st. *Man.*

What do you mean by that? I'll take no such money, and so you may tell doctor Gashman. I never buried a finer *body* in my life—besides he died of a something that none of the faculty could make any thing of. D—n it, Mr. Nabflesh, you don't know what you are talking about. This man's *inwards* are worth a Jew's eye—I'll not sell him for less to my father. So avast digging.

2d. *Man.*

Looke, Mr. Sexton, you are too hard upon my master—he's a good customer,

customer, and you ought to consider a little—is he not always *sure*? Don't he pay for every carcase upon the nail? Did he not take off your hands, (or rather your *ground*) the author there who died in Grub-street, because he would never move out of his room, and so got a hurt in his *sedantaries*? Did he not purchase the body of the man (for whom the interest of his friends procured Christian burial) who was hanged last Monday fortnight. And, if I had a mind, I could tell you a secret that would stop your avaricious mouth at once.

1st. Man.

What's that, Mr. Nabflesh?

2d. Man.

Why the doctor is at this time attending a lady of your parish, who
is

is troubled with a *complication* as they call it, and as she will be buried in that very church, and is certainly upon the move, you will be well paid for her; and she is expected to be as fine a *resurrection* as ever the doctor handled: he thinks she can't hold it out more than a week or ten days longer, and then—

1st. *Man.*

Say no more, Mr. Nabbleth—dig away, and he's your man. I have thrown the mold over him as lightly as possible, and so you'll soon get at him. It's a fine night for the purpose of *raising our dead*, and we shall have done presently.

Upon this the purchaser of insulted humanity proceeded, and set his spade into the earth with an air of determination.

mination. While he was thus employed, the worthy sexton, whom, by his voice, I discovered to be the very man that sold to me the key of the church, on the night of Mr. Draper's interment, amused his co-partner with the characteristic remarks which follow.

2d. *Man.*

I'm a thinking Mr. Nabflesh, what a friend I have been to the faculty in the course of my sextonship, and how much the dissectors, and anatomisers are obliged to me ; for this is, you must know—this very spot is the most populous, and best inhabited church-yard in christendom. 'Tis amazing to think what a number of souls (*bodies* I should say) come through my hands every week, and as I am

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very

very intimate with the parish apothecary, and make it moreover my business to know a little how folks go off, I can tell which commodity to recommend to my friends; for there are a set of fellows who are not worth a resurrection, and therefore God rest 'em and rot 'em for us. Those who die, as it were, a natural, vulgar death, in a feather-bed, are not worth a single fixpence, except indeed they die of a contagious distemper, and so bury in *lead*, and that you know turns to account. As to your *wooden* tenements, they put now-a-days so little timber in 'em, and build them so slightly, that they won't make a kettle boil; and scarce pay for the trouble of turning the body out of them. 'Tis your *unaccountable* deaths
that

that make *us live*, master Nabfish : and between you and I, and the man we are raising, I have a shrewd guess our old *rector* will make a *subject* by and by. I don't know what the plague ails him, but he's certainly upon the *go*, and I have some reason to think Dr. Gashman has an eye upon him. All in good time however ; I have nothing to do with a man while he is upon the face of the earth ; nor do I ever consider him as *my* property till I have got him under-ground.

By this time the dealer in the dead had pretty nearly finished his work, and told the sexton that he felt his pick-axe strike against the nails of the coffin. I've knocked at the door master sexton, said he, and I fancy

we may make ourselves pretty certain of finding the gentleman at home: I warrant ye now, he little expects to rise again *so soon!* though, to say the truth, we *do* come to make him take the air at an unseasonable hour. After all, Mr. Earthworm, what truly great men we are! We are, in the fullest manner, your workers of miracles: we cause the dead to rise, and with the assistance of our *pharmacopelic* friends, bid them live as it were again, and be in *good spirits*: yea, verily, we command this mortal to quit its corruptible flesh, and be hung forth in all the *immortality* of bone. O master Earthworm we are very serviceable members of society indeed.

A second pause was made in this curious dialogue, by the actual re-
fur.

urrection of the coffin, which these gentlemen with peculiar dexterity set upright; and one proceeded to open the lid, while the other spread upon the ground a sort of coarse sheet, in order, as I presumed, to receive and wrap up the body. Sensibility demanded her soliloquy upon this occasion.

Oh most horrible barbarians! said I gently, not yet discovering myself— Ah sacrilegious assassins— what are not our very ashes secure from this venal world—must our very bodies be sold after they are fixed many feet deep in the earth?—How often then doth the afflicted survivor shed his tear upon the spot which he vainly supposes is consecrated by the sacred dust of a friend, when, haply, the corpse of that very friend hath been

clandestinely mangled by the infecting knife, and the beloved anatomy all the while decorating the dreadful repository—or rather charnel-room of the surgeon!—is this practice necessary to the experiments of a useful science? Do the lives and healths of the *surviving* world depend in any degree upon it? It may be so—but what a pang to a feeling heart is it, that those who are employed in this formidable business should be so destitute of—

I was inclined to check the pursuit of these reflections for the present, by the appearance of a third man on horseback, who came to the side of the church-wall, and gave the signal of a whistle to the other two. This fellow was, I apprehend, to carry off the corpse, which, to my utter astonishment,

ment, they had now dislodged from its peaceful apartment, and were going to bear it without any noise, to the horseman. At this awful crisis of the transaction the moon, which had been all the preceding part of the night obscured by the heaviness of the atmosphere, now broke forth glimmeringly, and displayed the figure of the dead man, and his robbers, to my eye. I saw the pallid countenance, the livid lips, the closed eye, and the sunk cheek, enfolded by the shroud—I saw the lifeless limbs, passive and obedient to the designs of the plunderer.—

Z—ds! cries the sexton, I feel something hard hanging at his breast here—what the devil can it be.

After a minutes search the sexton went on: by heavens! master Nablesh,

its one of your little breast pictures, and looke—'tis tied by a ribband round his neck—you must know he was a devil for the wenches, and I'll lay my life this is the picture of one of his mistresses. It *shines* a bit I think, and may be valuable: however, good, or good for nothing, it has no business here, and being found upon *my* dead, it is, by the sexton laws settled, ever since men took it into their heads to die, *my* property. I can't pretend, master Earthworm, replied the other fellow, to deny your *perquisite*—every man of honour ought to have his *dues*, and so I wish you joy: but, what a whimsical dog thou must be (here he struck the corpse ludicrously upon the face) to have such a pretty thing buried with

with thee—a picture—eh? D—n me, I thank ye for *that*, master Dead man, —aye, thee wert a wag I warrant thee.

Here he shook him by the chin, and the sexton was just going to tug at his perquisite. The third man again whistled.

Every atom of my soul and body was offended, and knowing the nature of guilt, I threw aside my coat and waistcoat, and folded a white pocket handkerchief over my head, in conformity to the vulgar idea of ghosts, and stalked away towards the grave-robbers. They saw—dropt their spoil, and ran very rapidly away.

My design succeeded, and I set myself soberly to work, in order to re-bury the insulted dead; resolving,
never-

nevertheless, to have ample justice inflicted upon the mercenary sexton in due season.

Mean time the day-light broke upon my efforts, and yet I was resolved to finish my pious undertaking. I had deposited the corpse (from which, however, I found the picture was stolen) in its solemn habitation, put it as decently as I could in the ground, and was proceeding to close up the grave with the mould, when two * watchmen returning from their

* The reader, not well skilled in the metropolitan rogueries of midnight, will perhaps wonder that a London church-yard, should not be included within the precincts of the *watchman's walk*; which, were that the case, might be the means of detecting all similar robberies; but be it observed that, besides the neglect of our police to place any guards about the dead, and the feebleness of those guards that are stationed to—crawl about the streets for the service
of

stands, dizzy as they were with their "potations pottle deep," discovered me.

Versed as these worthy gentlemen are in all the ways, and wickedness of the town, they concluded, that I had outstayed my time, and was, notwithstanding, afraid to leave the grave I had pillaged, in disorder. Eyeing me therefore as lawful game, they soon surrounded, and in the king's name, (while they shook their lanterns, and struck the ground with their staves) took me prisoner, and without a single slice of ceremony, bore me

of the living—it now and then happens, in the chain of human connections, that the watchman, the sexton, the body-raiser, the body-buyer, and the justice, are all linked together in a strict social compact for the good of the community.

off

off in triumph to a place of security,
commonly called a round-house.

C H A P. CXXXIII.

It was to no manner of purpose I asserted the piety of my business, since my conquerors protested that they caught me in the fact, and would make their *affidavy* of it before the justice: I entered therefore this midnight mansion as a criminal, and was represented to the company therein assembled, as a disturber of the dead, and a fellow who lives by selling human flesh to the surgeons: this introduction insured me a very unfavourable reception, and every one threw at me either a sarcasm, or a satirical sentiment.

A more

A more filthy habitation, or more extraordinary inhabitants never came within my notice. Such an infernal groupe was surely never before crouded into such a contracted space. Yet there was a blazing fire, and a general appearance of merriment. Into this little round room were huddled upwards of a dozen persons of both sexes, besides myself, and the two watchmen who brought me.

I was now committed in form to the constable, who was the president of the place, and he desired I would content myself till I could be taken to the justice, and from him to Bridewell. *Bridewell!* said one of the company—probably a person who loved *wit*—what do you mean by that, Mr. Constable? If the gentleman
has

has any luck he will be hanged, or transported at least, for is he not a *house-breaker*? Is not a coffin a man's *castellum*? And is it not felony to break it open, I say? Answer me prisoner, would not you have stolen out the *furniture*, if you could have got at it?—Come, come, I know a turn or two of the law—confess, therefore, would you not have done very serious and *grave* matters, if you had not been detected in your *underband* business?—Every man's house, friend, whether of *wood* or of stone, of straw or of tile, above ground, or beneath it, is private property; and private property is sacred, and what's sacred should not be meddled with; and if it is, 'tis felony; and felony makes a rogue, and a rogue deserves *preferment*

—this

—this proves, *logicè*, that you are in the fuds ; which is, *Anglicè*, being interpreted, that you will be hanged, and so—tip us your *manus*—here's to your *elevation*, which is, being interpreted, success to a broken neck.

The wit had no sooner finished, than a second gentleman, in a tarnished tinsel-bound waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a laced hat, thought proper to make some smart observations in my defence. Amongst other bright remarks, he said, that with regard to Mr. Goosequill's argument, he conceived it to be not only *dull*, but *null* : for that so far from a dead man being private property, he thought him no property *upon earth*, but property *under the earth* ; so that, if any body had a right to punish for such a theft, it was
his

his opinion that as the property properly belonged only to the *worms*, the matter ought to be submitted to their worshipful wormships; they being the only persons robbed and defrauded. For his part, he said, he was sole manager of a country company of comedians, and if the gentleman could help him to a *stock* coffin, as his old one was quite shabby, and as he meant to open with the *Funeral*, he should be greatly obliged to him.

This second man of humour had something so particularly grotesque about him, his eye was so vacant, and his countenance so comic, that he was, *socially* speaking, the life of the company, and like a true son of the scenes, fairly set the round-house in a roar. What added to the pleafantry

fantry of his character, was the professional strokes which he threw into his common conversation. A dash of the drama mingled in all his discourse. Gentlemen and ladies, said he, "in these deep solitudes, and midnight cells," 'tis foolish to be miserable. What though we be now "in durance vile?" "The soul secure in her existence," smiles at the *Justice*, and defies his mittimus. For my own part, my fellow-sufferers, "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon," than this same constable. I am here my friends, for "a mere frolick," as my worthy Ranger says. "Tipsey, dance, and jollity," was the word, for two hours by the Covent Garden clock," and so being "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,"

haply I stole into a lady's chamber,"
and "in a dark corner of the room,"
I found—a female—"might I but kiss
—one kiss—rubies out-paragoned,
how dearly they'd do't, said I—when
the candle entered, by all my hopes
gentlemen, I found her "neither old,
nor ugly." Then ladies, "my blood
beat high, and eager for the trans-
port, with moving softness then I
straight assailed her.

How could I dwell for ever on those lip-!
Oh I could kiss 'em pale with eagerness;
So soft, by Heaven! and such a juicy sweet,
That ripen'd peaches have not half their flavour.

Although I uttered this, ladies and
gentlemen, better than it was ever
delivered by man before; yet, would
you believe it, this obdurate fair,
"threw me away like a detested sin,"

Nay

Nay more, "as at her feet I kneeled, and sued for mercy, with a reproachful hand she dashed a blow;"—she struck me, gentlemen, by heaven she struck me, buffeted, flapt me on the face, kicked me on the breech, and called the watchman—for which, sirs,—"if I forget her!" "but soft—methinks I scent the morning air"—"Brief let me be"—the watchman came, and brought me to the place where I have told this "round unvarnished tale."—Is it not "passing strange?" "Is is not pitiful?"—Ha—who comes here—stop—who goes there at this late hour—Jaffier—oh 'tis a constable—he brings good tidings.

Here another constable introduced another prisoner, and the constable desired we would clear the fire, for

L 2

that

that he knew he was a gentleman of consequence, and had got money in his pocket—he comes here only to amuse himself till the morning, and in order, as a body may say, to *go for to see life*. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, said this lover of seeing life, Mr. Constable tells you *true*, I am a fellow of an odd humour, and take a pleasure in walking and waking, when most other people are asleep. I love to see as much of this world as possible—because as to the *next*, we must take that upon trust you know.

Very true sir, replied the player—
“there’s the rub.”

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause—

This

This fir, as you very juſtly ſay,

Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather take thoſe joys we have
Than truſt to others that we know not of.

The young lawyer put in a rejoinder—as to *that* gentlemen, ſaid he, I am entirely of your *opinion*, for we proficientſ of the long robe, do not approve of *demurrs*, except in *certain caſes* made and provided. For my part I don't approve of giving *long credit*, and I had rather have chambers in Lincoln's Inn rent-free, than take any of my father's manſions which are in Heaven, upon *truſt*.

In other words, and to ſpeak by a bolder figure, fir, ſaid the comedian, you had rather “reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven:” I agree with you,

L 3

“for

“for who would fardels bear,” but that—D—m your fardels, replies the lawyer, let us all club our shillings, and treat the ladies to a bowl of punch, for we are here for a piece of diversion, a mere frolick, and so let us be as merry as we can. This proposal was readily accepted, and a collection was made by the lawyer, who afterwards dispatched the constable to neighbouring house which was open at all hours of the night.

The player was particularly pleased at this prospect, and expressed his joy by a rhapsodical quotation, to do him justice, not very inapplicable, considering that there were several females in company.

“Love and wine give ye Gods,
Or take back what ye gave.”

For

For my part, I love a fresh bottle, and a fair lady as well as any man in England.—Tell me of *one* bottle, or *one* bowl, or *one* woman; I say give me *twenty*—the more the merrier—my mighty love “hath stomach for them all.” Old Cowley for that.

I never yet could see that face,
Which had no dart for me;
From *fifteen* years, to *fifty's* space,
They *all* victorious be.
Colour, or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in *all* I find;
In motion, or in speech a grace,
And if *all* fail 'tis *woman kind*.
If tall, the name of *proper* slays;
If fair, she's *pleasant* as the light;
If low, her *prettiness* does please,
If black, what lover, loves not night?
The fat, like *plenty* fills my heart;
The lean, with love make me so too.
If streight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.”

Well *said*, Mr. Player, cried the lawyer; those are very pretty verses; and prettily *spoken* too, I believe, replied the player — but here comes the punch.

Although I had no inclination either for liquor or laughter, yet, as I was under a necessity to stay till I could clear myself from the charge alledged against me, I sat down upon an inverted tub, and made myself as contented as I could, under such disagreeable circumstances.

The conversation shifted from love to politics, and from politics to religion — and now the gentleman who came merely for his *amusement*, began to display himself. He was touched upon his darling topic, and observing a singularity in his sentiments, I entered into

con-

conversation. His replies to my several questions were so shrewd, and so very much beyond what I expected from the speaker's appearance, that I told him the general outlines of my story, not concealing even the present mistake which brought me into his society.

The company seemed very attentive, and the gentleman whom I particularly addressed, smiled at the conclusion of my narrative, and with a liberty both of sentiment and language peculiar to himself, made me the following circumstantial reply.

“ I thank you sir, for your story, although every part of it convinces me, that you have not, nor ever had, a single sentiment of your *own*. Well may you be miserable—well may you go

go about the world without either being wiser or happier. One man tells you, you must do nothing but laugh; another you must do nothing but cry: one bids you take things as you find them; another says, you must learn to improve what you meet with. In the name of common sense what are you doing? How can a young fellow of any spirit, submit so vilely to *perpetual leading-strings*. I am ashamed of you—what would you *have* me do, said I?—I would have you, said he, only to be consistent with yourself, hunt not after eternal advice: use your own eyes, and your own understanding. Hear what others have to *say*, and look into what others have *thought*; but never trust either books or men, *implicitly*

plicitly—'tis childish, 'tis cowardly. Weigh the whole in the scale of sober reflection, and dare to differ from the highest human authority, if, after a fair bosom examination, it will not stand the test.

But perhaps sir, my understanding is not equal to the severe investigations of original truths—perhaps—said I—Nonsense, replied he, “ the power of no property is known, till it is tried; the bird without effort would never be able to use its wing, nor does the soul know what a *flight* she is able to soar, till she magnanimously puts forth her strength in the endeavour. You do not so much want *understanding*, as you want *fortitude*. You are afraid to think—you are chained down by an old womanish

womanish veneration, to a set of ideas, transmitted from one silly lip to another silly lip; and to be sure, what was thought right so *long ago*, and never thought to be otherwise than right *since*, must be all gospel. Thus *superstition in sentiment* becomes general, and it is almost sacrilege to dispute it—I would dispute all the sayings which were *ever* said, if, on mature, deliberate, rational consultation with my own reason, and natural feelings, I could not square and reconcile them. If a man solemnly assures me stones are a softer substance than brown paper, or that fire is more a fluid than water; am I therefore to believe him?—that would be a flat contradiction, said I.—It may be so, he rejoined; but have you taken the pains

to

to consider nicely the *nature* of this contradiction?—I dare say not. But let me tell you, equal contradictions are daily advanced by our sagest philosophers—If I tell you stones are harder bodies than paper, you laugh; but when I assure you that all the children of this world were originally designed to be happy, and that stealing a paltry apple created an universal curse the moment it was swallowed, and that there has been the devil to play in the world ever since; you put on a solemn face, and exclaim against the cursed curiosity of a sex, which is still so incorrigible, that a forbidden apple would set, even at this moment, every daughter of Adam a longing. Yet in the name of truth, *which* is the most glaring absurdity?

furdity?—Do you dispute the scriptures? Do you hold in disbelief the sacred lessons of Human Faith?—A figs end for Faith, I steadfastly believe in *that* Sir, which I *feel* to be most conducive to *my happiness*.

If a dream affords a man better and more pleasant things than he can furnish for himself with his eyes open, who would not rather sleep than wake? If by taking a nap, the beggar can forget his rags and wants, and suppose himself a monarch, should we not with justice call himself a simpleton if he resisted the approaches of slumber? If fiction can produce an happier moment than *faith*, why I will trust implicitly to *fiction* to be sure.

Would

Would you sir, said I? Aye, would I, said he, though it should carry me away upon the wings of imagination, and shew me all the good old notions of my nursery, the dogmas of my schoolmaster, and the maturer maxims of my manhood, *totally inverted*—Good God! what can be your reason for this *licentious singularity*.—There it is again; singularity! the luckiest thing that I ever heard you speak of in your adventures, was your meeting with the man who assured you there was hardly any such thing as *singularity*—there is not one man in a thousand but would give himself the lye if he dare, and who does not *privately* disbelieve the greatest part of his public credenda? The mob surely, said I.—Who ever mentions, said he, the
mob

mob—those who have just capacity enough to add two to two, and are mathematically certain, that by uniting those numbers, know they constitute an aggregate of four, would not easily believe you or me, if we averred that two and two made *twenty million*; and yet (mark the absurd manners of men) should any person of *great authority* endeavour to prove that twenty million, and twice two, were exactly one and the same number, the *multitude* would affect to believe it religiously, and swallow down such a preposterous contradiction. And when once an ignorant mind receives a notion, sanctified as it imagines, by a *scholar*, i. e. a man who can read, and talk so very fine and *unintelligible*, that it does ones heart

heart good to hear him, *then* farewell to all future demonstration. Fixt in its first prejudice it is in vain to attempt its conversion; and there is no absurdity in the world too mighty or impalpable for it to adopt."

A very arch looking man, whose face was covered with the corner of his hat, (as soon as this libertine finished) spake thus:

"Thou art master of much pleasant argument, and I cannot but congratulate the young gentleman on so able a monitor. I have listened very attentively to thee, ever since I lighted my pipe, and am much edified:— Here he knocked out the ashes; and then surveying the gentleman slyly, he continued, "neither have I more than a single caveat to enter against

thy doctrine. And pray what may that be? replied the gentleman contemptuously. So trifling an objection, rejoined the other, as that of being able to prove to a demonstration, that you have not advanced *one single fact*: that all you have said is upon the superficial surface, and that you are not equal to the solid center of a subject of *ratiocination*.—Oh, ho! cried the free speaking gentleman, if I have driven you to the subterfuge of disguising your ignorance under the plausible mask of a *hard word*, I give it up. When a man once begins to batter me with seven syllable words 'tis all over: Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you for the symptom of your *ratiocination*, and am your most obedient servant.

Here

Here both the disputants exchanged sneers, and were silent. The player insisted that religion was an improper subject to be discussed in a *round-house*, and that for his *part*, he was of the great Mr. Pope's opinion, whose genius indeed, said he, has been thought by some of the best judges of the age, to be similar to mine; and *he* observes,

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose *life* is in the right."

As to a future state—d---n me there's nothing so *certain*. I am so well convinced of it, gentlemen, that I am sure of immortality both *here* and *hereafter*.

"'Tis the divinity that stirs within me,
And intimates eternity to Frederick.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!"

M 2

You

You see, gentlemen, what a master I am of the subject. In that indeed, consists the superiority of *our* profession. We are “the brief chronicles of the times,” and I *Frederick Fable* (who am now a prisoner, for that I was too well skilled in the soft parts of speech) am “like the knight of the shire,” and, at different periods, “represent you all.”

Here the door of our enchanted castle again turned upon its hinge, and ushered into our society, a figure which threw our comedian into an attitude, after being fixed in which, he exclaimed in a hollow voice.

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit in health, or goblin damn’d?”

Here

Here he shifted his posture, raised the tone of his voice, and proceeded,

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I *will* speak to thee."

By this time, the person who was thus theatrically addressed appeared in full view, and in a great measure justified the ridicule of the player. It was another watchman, who came to inform us that it was past six o'clock, and that in a couple of hours his worship would be ready to hear and see us.

Prepare therefore, ladies and gentlemen, your several speeches, charges, complaints, and defences; for you are to appear before one of the cleverest justices in the city of London: you,

M 3

how-

however, fir, (continued the man, pointing to me) whom my brother watchman brought, are to be discharged, because they say, they believe you to be innocent, and have heard your story—but they hope your honour will leave with me a little money to drink your health. Upon looking round me, I now perceived the fellows were really gone, probably upon the presumption of being found before the justice in a lame story. However, be that as it may, I distributed some loose silver amongst the watchmen and constables that remained, and bowing to the company, departed from the round-house.

C H A P. CXXXIV.

When the watchmen discovered me in the church-yard, they carried me through various allies and by-streets, for the space of a mile or more to the round-house; so that, as I never was in that part of the town before, or at least to my remembrance, it became necessary for me to ask the way to Dover-street, especially as the shops were yet scarce half opened, and the face of the prospect thereby altered.

The air of simplicity is easily seen, and generally played upon.

Amongst the inhabitants of every town and city, there are a set of peo-

ple who profess the science of being *funny*. The mobility of London are remarkably addicted to this pleasantry, which consists, principally, in playing petty tricks that are productive of much hooting, laughing, howling, and vulgar merriment. For instance, if a stranger discovers any thing rural in dress, or is awkward in his questions, he is directly marked down as a proper object of *fun*; if a horse falls in the street, and throws the rider from his back, so as to leave him in a *ludicrous situation*, but more particularly if he has the good fortune to pitch in a kennel, and thereby spoil his cloaths, it becomes a *very funny* accident, to the lazy spectators: two puppies, either *bipede* or *quadrupede*, setting upon each other, till the blood trickles

trickles into the shoes, and the eyes swell up to the part for which hats are usually made, is thought so *irresistable a joke*, that he must be a very dull fellow indeed, who refuses to enjoy it.

There are other examples of this diversion equally agreeable; such as, running a burnt cork over a man's face as he lies asleep; common, however, as this smutty piece of business is, some readers might nevertheless be at a loss to account for the *fun* of the thing, if they were not informed by *me*, (who am resolved to be as serviceable to my fellow-creatures as solitude will let me :) Informed, I say, that the cream of *this* stroke of humour lies, in the man's waking with a black face, and finding the
company

company all upon the giggle, without knowing *why*—probably *he* after sleeping, rubs his *eyes*—is then bid to look at his *bands*—this increases the wit exceedingly—they present him at length with a *glass*, in which he sees what they have been about: this brings on the last burst of *joy*, and so *then—then*—there ends *the joke*. Pinning a piece of brown paper to the tail of a coat, or gown, is also a jest founded upon the same ingenious principle: none of *these* frolicks however, happened to me, yet did I not totally escape the lovers of *fun*. At the top of a street I begged the favour to be informed (in a tone that I am sure might have changed ill-nature into civility) whether I was right for Dover-street?

Now,

Now, although I was then near the Hay-market ; yet this ill-tempered guide, inflead of putting the wanderer into the right path, protested that he was forry he could not exactly inform me as to the matter I asked, being a stranger to that end of the town, but that he knew I was near Tyburn turnpike. Tyburn turnpike ! faid I ?—And which is the way then to Dover-freet, fir ? Why you must go ftraight down this freet, (replied he, pointing his ftick down the Hay-market) then ask for Westminster bridge, as foon as you have got to which, you must make a fhort cut acrofs St. George's Fields, and—and—St. George's fields, fir, faid I ? Why that is the way to the Borough—furely you are mistaken : —*Bam*—faid the man, and ran away laughing,

laughing, into Piccadilly. It may just be noted here, by the way, that setting passengers into a wrong road, is supposed to be *fun* of the *first consequence*. The next person that passed me, was also mighty merrily inclined, and upon my putting to him a similar question, and telling him my former usage, I was briskly answered in this manner.

Really that was barbarous, and ungentleman like. I will put you right directly, sir, with great pleasure: there are a parcel of pert puppies about the streets, that make the difficulty of a stranger their sport. Such fellows deserve the application of a horse-whip: here sir, follow me, this is your way.

I fol-

I followed this plausible spark (after bowing) in silence, fully persuaded that he was an honest man. At the middle of a lane, or rather dark passage, he took my hand, and conducting me to the gloomiest end of it, thrust his fist in my face, rifled my pocket, and ran off.

C H A P. CXXXV.

I arrived however, at last in Doverstreet, at the now melancholy mansion of my dear Draper, where I received the following card from Blake, who became particularly solicitous of late for my company, chiefly, (as I then fondly imagined) for the social purpose of soothing the dejection that was settling upon my spirits.

To

To Benignus.

“ Blake’s compliments to Benignus, inviting him to a snug party to-morrow evening, at a particular friend and neighbour of Mr. Blake’s, whose oddity of humour, and singular method of life, will perhaps dissipate uneasy thoughts.”

As I found greater relief any where, than in the house which had so recently lost its amiable proprietor, I accepted any random invitation that offered, rather than subject myself to the misery of such poignant contemplation; and, accordingly, I obeyed the summons. I called upon Blake at the proper time, and he saluted me thus.

Chear

Chear up, my dear Benignus :—as
the play fays,

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids,
Grieve for thy noble Draper in the duft.

but endeavour to call pleasanter
images to your aid—imitate, in some
degree, the vivacity, and even the
vacancy of your friend Green, whom
I fhould have appointed to meet you,
had he not changed his lodgings, and
left us in the lurch,—but he is a
citizen of the world, and fo all
changes and chances of this mortal
life are alike to him; and we fhall
again hear from him, when the re-
collection of the moment puts him
in mind that there are fuch perfons
as you and I, exifting.

I will

I will now take you in my hand to dine with a most extraordinary character, who lives at the edge of the Common ; and in the evening I expect a couple of friends to play a *rubber*, so that upon our return, you shall, without any ceremony join us, and we will make a sociable night of it—do not say a word, for I will have no excuses, Benignus.—It is three o'clock—draw on your gloves, and let us be gone.

I was introduced in great form to dine with this remarkable person, whom we found filling a large elbow chair, and altogether unable to pay his first salutations to us in any other way, than by a gentle slope of the body, and even that seemed to cost him no small fatigue. It was on the

18th

18th of July, and at twelve o'clock of a day, which was intensely sultry when we reached Mr. Pinguefont's house, which was as elegant and superb, as if it had been designed for the temple of voluptuousness. In going along, Blake told me, that I must not be surprised at several customs, at Mr. Pinguefont's, however new or out of the way they might be: notwithstanding which previous caution, and prepared as I was for something wonderful, such, and so many were the oddities I was witness to, in the course of this memorable visit, that I could not help betraying by looks, gestures, and even words, the entire astonishment of my soul.

There was in every room through which we past, either a couch, a sofa,

or a kind of tent bed ; and when we came to Pinguefont himself, at our first entrance, the enormous bulk of his body, so upheaved its vastness, and *swelled* upon the eye, that, what I had before considered as the extravagance of fable, I now found unexaggerated truth, and from that very moment, gave swift credit for the history of the Brobdignagians.

Hast thou, my good reader, never taken a journey through the romantic roads of Derbyshire, or made an excursion beside the boundaries of Bristol, or rambled round the rocky regions of Scotland, or any other country, pregnant with poetical sentiment, and favourable to the alliterative bard ?—Hath it not sometimes happened, in these thy wanderings, that
trusting

trusting to the sure foot of thy steed, or yielding to the lassitude of a chaise, thou hast inadvertently fallen into a momentary nap, out of which, some jolt or stumble hath on a sudden aroused thee? At that instant, peradventure, the first and indeed only object that can command thy attention, is the dead blank of some mighty mountain, displaying its unweildly length and breadth before thee. If thou recoldest the surprise of *such* a sight, thou wilt conceive *some* idea of the sensation which the preposterous Pinguefont occasioned in my breast, when I first beheld him: and that, even though I saw him as was said before, wedged in his chair. His person however, and especially his face, was pleasing in spite of pleni-

tude, nor was it perhaps in nature to preserve more of the *agreeable* in features which maintained such a profusion of flesh. His complexion was almost femininely fair, and the only apparent defects about him were in his eyes, which were heavy, large, and lethargic.

As soon as he saw us, he very cordially desired us to sit down, apologizing at the same time, for his own rudeness in keeping his seat; but said he, smiling, you see gentlemen how it is, you might as well move the house as the master—what of that? Laugh and grow fat is my rule, and I will maintain it against all the starveling maxims upon earth. Eat, drink, and sleep—that's the science; eat and sleep care away, drink and be merry
—Heh

—Heh?—what say you?—then turning his eyes to me—you'll excuse me, sir—every man in own humour you know. By all means (said I) sir, bowing. He applied to the bell which was at his elbow. A servant came creeping on tiptoe, and cocked his eye through a little oval hole in the door, which was concealed on the outside by a small green curtain; after which he disappeared a few moments, and then came into the room without ceremony. The alderman (for such he was) inquired about dinner, and being told that it was not to be ready till four o'clock, and that now it was but barely *one*, protested he must have a snack for all that, assuring us at the same time, that he had not eat any thing these

three hours. The man disappeared a second time, and we now were all seated on the afore said 18th of July, round such a fire, as in the severity of a Siberian winter, might have been extremely comfortable, and agreeably scorching. My friend reading a sufficient degree of astonishment in my features, was going, I believe in a whisper to relieve me; but on casting his eye upon the late laughing Pinguefont, he found a whisper unnecessary; for the Alderman had forgone his snack, and without giving us the least warning of his intentions, was fast asleep with his face parallel to the first bar of the grate. Heaven, said I, if the gentleman—hush said Blake—The footman again came squinting to the door, but how he got off I know not,
for

for my eye saw not, neither did my ear, hear any thing like the fall of a foot. My friend now informed me, that the Alderman was subject to somnific fits, which often set him to sleep in a minute; and that he has been actually known to stand entranced, while his own horse, on whose success great bets were depending, while he was galloping round the course. That cut in the door, is on purpose for the servants to see whether the Alderman is sleeping or waking: if the former, they must on no account disturb him, although the most urgent business require it; and this is a stipulated article in his agreement with all his adherents, a breach of which is the forfeiture of their places. Perhaps he will continue in

this situation a great while, and possibly he may wake in a moment ; and when he does, he will make ample amends to you for the loss of time. He had scarce finished, when the Alderman exclaimed,—what are you at, rascals ?—Zounds and the devil, bring up the dinner. This exclamation appeared to be a vagarie of sleep, but as if the idea of eating, even in a dream, was sufficient to beat an alarm to appetite, Pinguefont, unclosed his eyes, and again fixt his finger, as if mechanically upon the bell. At the same time, looking at us.—Ah my, dear friends, said he, pray forgive me—pray forgive me, young stranger ; your companion knows my humour, and all the world can tell you, that I sleep more than all things on earth :
but

but come, perhaps I shall now have an uninterrupted hour, and if I don't have sixty minutes festivity for it, I shall accuse myself of murder. Dinner this moment, Timotheus, said he to the servant, who now came into the room after the usual prefatory peep; for it seems, if the company were ever so numerous, no domestic was suffered to answer any bell which was not rung by the master. Mr. Timotheus made a nimble exit, and in less than ten minutes came to inform us, the table waited, and the company were all come.—I looked significantly ignorant at my friend: he mustered a smile—and we walked solemn and slow in the rear of the mighty Pinguefont.

After

After Pinguefont had plentifully appeased the vehement attacks of his appetite, and was preparing to enjoy the jollity of his friend and bottle, a somnific fit again overtook him, his vacant eye closed upon the company, and, in the next instant, he was snoring in his chair.

Bountiful heaven! said I, upon what an animal the sun of thy prosperity shineth! And can it be possible, that a creature endowed with such faculties as man, formed also for immortal purposes, should limit his ambition to the pleasures of food and sleep? Can that be happiness? Can the soaring mind be contented with such gross *corporeal* gratifications? Or can *he* whose existence is confined to the narrow circle of a few fleeting years,

years, suffer them to escape without leaving any traces that deserves *re-collection*? The business of that mortal's life, is to *eat, drink, and sleep*; and by such marks *alone* shall be remembered in his generation! How is it then that (trifler as he is) Plenty smiles at his table, and Peace spreads her plumes over his pillow? How many beds are there in this house, which neither the sleeping proprietor, nor his friends can occupy? Ah that the limbs of the wanderer, the widow, the fatherless, and those who are now vainly in search of a shelter might find it *here*!

The course of these reflections were impeded by a tap upon the shoulder from Mr. Blake, who, informing me in a whisper, that the joke was passed, and that Pinguefont had discovered

as

as much of himself as was worth seeing, proposed that we should take advantage of his present situation; and, under cover of the closed eyelid, make the best of our way to a dish of tea with his (Blake's) house-keeper.

Never was there a more serene or beautiful afternoon than that which was now before us, and every object was gilded by the mildest beams of the sun. Blake bade me take notice of the scene, and derive from it fresh sources of entertainment.

Ah Mr. Blake, said I, those circumstances which were lately so agreeable, have lost their power: neither the oddities of a Pinguefont, nor the cheerful rays of an evening sun can inspire the vivacity which, a few weeks
since,

since, broke out upon every occasion; and believe me, sir, the scene you recommend to my attention, might as well have been enveloped in a fog—my friend is in the grave, and the woman whom I loved has deceived me.

Pshaw! rejoined Blake—don't despair; admitting that friend to be valuable, and that mistress handsome, have they, do you suppose, monopolized all the merit and beauty to themselves? No surely. Prithee then, Benignus, cast thine eye upon some other objects, and never doubt but your present loss, however great, admits of reparation. As you are a *book* man, let the poets administer consolation: they may properly be called the sons of hope; and a youth
of

of imagination, as you are, may be entertained with the prospects of the Muse, that is, an ingenious head, when all the suggestions of the soul, which is mightily addicted to plain prose—will only serve to vex, and make you melancholy. Recollect what old *Shakespeare* says, upon the subject of a lost mistress. Some verses are at this moment flowing to the tip of my tongue, exactly in point.

“Pray thee give liberty unto thine eyes ;
Take thou some new infection to thy heart,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Examine *other* beauties.”

If this will not satisfy you, hear more.

“You saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self poised with herself ; but let be weigh’d

Your

Your Lady's love against some other fair,
And she will shew scant well."

In short, Benignus, to end the whole matter, and if you will allow me once more to reinforce my argument with those of the Poet :

"Go but with me, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew
(Earth-treading stars, that make dim, heaven's
light)
And I will make thee think thy *swan*, a *crow*.
Hear all, all see, try all; and like her most,
That most shall merit thee."

For the present however, let us walk briskly towards the tea-table, where I dare say by this time, the few worthy friends I expected, are in waiting for us.

Though I received but little comfort from his quotations, I thanked
him

him, and presently came within view of his handsome house-keeper.

C H A P. CXXXVI.

Under all this appearance of honesty and good humour, I had soon too much reason to discover that Blake was a villain. The company he expected consisting of two strangers, to whom he introduced me as his particular friend, were assembled in the front parlour, about five minutes before us, and the house-keeper was entertaining them with her usual vivacity.

This same house-keeper I have already described as a lively, buxom, plump, pleasurable woman, and her
com-

company was so chearful, that it was impossible for melancholy itself, not to abate something of its usual gloom in it. But, how just, as proper, is it upon all occasions to remember, that "all which glitters is not gold," and to act indeed, as if we apprehended people were imposing upon us a much baser metal, gaudily gilded upon the surface in order to make it pass current.

The fatal evening was however now before me. Soon after tea, Mr. Blake (who by the by, was unusually lively) informed us that he had received a present, of which he insisted upon it, we should have the maiden-head: no less, gentlemen, said he, than a hamper of the best Burgundy that ever sparkled to the eye, and

invited the sons of sorrow to good spirits.

The strangers assented to the proposal, and I (whose business was to prevent melancholy, either by *drowning* it in the glass, or any other way) did not remain obstinate: Bumpers were the word—Blake and his friends (who hospitably insisted on my swallowing more than I could bear) affected at length to be subdued, and were rolling before supper under the table, from whence the servants, with much seeming difficulty, bore them up stairs.

Mrs. Blake herself, had indulged in a glass extraordinary on this occasion.—It was a calm night—the claret took possession of my brain—folly, and forgetfulness triumphed.—Mrs.
Blake

Blake looked “*nothing loath* ;”—there was a couch in the room—she was but a *housekeeper*—occasion assisted the revel of the pulses—reason toppled, and—to my shame be it spoken, I indulged the delicious insanity, and rioted in the overwhelming temptation of the moment.

At this crisis, the door was burst open—Blake and his companions rushed in, the former running to his pistols which were slung across the chimney-piece, and roaring out as he ran—Oh villain, villain!—you have made a prostitute of my lawful wife. I’ll shoot you through the head—you have taken advantage of my gratitude and friendship, to dishonour my sacred wife.—Oh villain, villain ! I will kill you on the spot.”

At the end of this harangue, he actually cocked the pistol, apparently in a great rage, and presented it to my head, when one of his companions catching him by the arm, dissuaded him from the horrible crime of murder, alledging that Mrs. Blake was not worth it—but advised him, nevertheless, to seek redress for this bleeding injury, from the laws of the land. Then struggling with him, they by main force got him out of the room, and left us again together.

The consequences of this conduct (to tell my folly in a few words) were, my being cast in a court of justice—having my name ten times more blown upon than before—feeling more poignantly than ever the stings of my own conscience, and being
com-

compelled to pay into the hands of Blake, two thousand five hundred pounds by way of damages.

C H A P. CXXXVII.

Though I was soon convinced, Mrs. Blake was in the plot respecting the prosecution ; yet it hitherto never once entered my head, that she was at once a *wife*, and a *prostitute* ; for she really acted the blushing business so well, and yielded in so coy a manner, that I always supposed the kissing part of the story, according to the proverb, went *so* far by favour, that I was the *second* person who had subdued the citadel of her virtue. But the very day

O 3

after

after I had paid my damage money, I found certain symptoms that pretty plainly denoted, the husband was not the only person who, literally speaking, received an *injury*. In a word, I was obliged to make enquiries after a doctor. But I did not much like to ask Benjamim, or a servant, about physical people (so suspicious is guilt) lest he might guess the nature of my complaint; to prevent which, I sneaked into a coffee-house, and setting myself down (like a dejected wretch as I was) in a solitary box, began to read the papers, which, I recollected, were commonly half filled with the nostrums of these gentry.

Amongst a number of advertisers, each of which professed to cure
the

the most dreadful disorder, *sooner than any other medicine in Europe*; I was principally attracted by one that undertook to make a man of me again, for *five guineas*; and *that too* by the gentlest remedy in the world, “without loss of time, hindrance of business, or personal confinement.” But what weighed most with me, was his *N. B.* at the bottom, wherein he engaged himself, as a *man of honour*, to keep my secret; and that, moreover, there was a private door, for the convenience of customers, who for the sake of delicacy, might not choose to come into the open shop.

This was the very thing I wanted, and taking down the direction from the advertisement, I made the best of my way to the private door.

It is really surprising to consider how often the soul extracts honey from poison, or in other words, good from evil.

As I went along the street, I thought myself under some sort of obligation to Mrs. Blake; for to own the truth, I had now some little suspicion that her *husband* might have drawn her into this infamous measure of obtaining a sum of money, and that I had on my part, a charge against my conscience for being only the *secondary* instrument of her debauchery. Upon the whole therefore, I congratulated myself upon this discovery, and as I supposed my health would (agreeable to the promises of the advertiser) be perfectly restored to me in a fortnight, I endeavoured

deavoured to make light of the matter, and walked briskly away to a shop a few doors from the Bell Savage, on Ludgate-hill. The master, whose name was Drug, happened to be then in the shop, and conducted me into a little parlour—where being seated he bade me not be alarmed, for that, such misfortunes were quite fashionable, and he would set me to rights in a hurry.

Not, however, to trouble the reader with a repetition of this fellow's abominable crambo conversation, be it enough to observe that, after having tampered with me for *six weeks*, and picking my pocket of 20 guineas; (for the five guineas, it seems, was only a compliment for the care, and the rest were for medicines) he left me in a situation so much worse,
that

that I was forced at last, to seek relief from a man of reputation, and who had the additional labour to *undo* every thing that had been *done for*, or rather *against* me, by Dr. Drug.

I was not able to quit my chamber for *two months*, during which time, I ordered myself to be denied to every body, (Mrs. Darlington and Alicia had long given me up) and was thought to be dead by all my acquaintances. At last I began to pick up a little. Benjamin, only Benjamin was suffered to be admitted to me as a friend. I was so weak with grief, disease, and water-gruel, that I could hardly crawl from chair to chair : and the first time I surveyed my figure in the glass, I fainted away at the horror of such an alteration.

In

In the midst of a situation like this it was, that I found my affairs were in a desperate condition, that my carelessness had subjected me to the most expensive impositions; and that to complete the whole, Mrs. Darlington had received a visit from the Grocer, who, after having by my means, recovered his wife and daughter, loaded me with every epithet that could disgrace the human character.

C H A P. CXXXVIII.

At this most critical juncture, I received a long epistle from Mr. Greaves, to whom, in the height of my miseries (in order to soothe the
languid

languid hours of confinement) I wrote a fair, and full account of myself since his departure. *His* epistle is too estimable; and the great *fact* it elucidates too important, either to abridge or suppress, as it may be considered in the light of a *moral* to *all* my enterprises, and all the sad effects arising from them; upon which account I shall give it to my reader *entire*, both as a treasure, and as a caveat.

C H A P. CXXXIX.

From Mr. GREAVES, to BENIGNUS.

Dear, unhappy Benignus.

Your last letter found me in the peaceful possession of myself, my
fortune,

fortune, an elegant retreat, and a truly penitent daughter ; and yet, all these blessings were absorbed in my sympathy for you. The account you give of yourself, is indeed alarming : yet I prophesied almost as much, when I first travelled with you to London : to London, the destroyer of morals, the mark of temptation, and seducer of the heart. Those indeed, whom business perpetually chains down to the counter ; those who pass their lives amid the bustle of employment ; those of the most rigid resolution, and inflexible philosophy ; those are the only people, at your time of life, who can live in that great metropolis without danger—I had almost said, without destruction.

You

You entered that city, Benignus, and began to encounter the arts of it, under all possible disadvantages : every one of your antagonists were armed at all points, while you were naked : you had neither the sword of defence, nor the shield of discretion. In such a helpless situation what could be expected *better* than what has really happened ? — Disease, disgrace, disaster, and defeat.

Can you bear sincerity ? Benignus, you were wrong at the outset. A young man setting formally out in search of happiness ! Your time has been wasted with your estate, and you are infinitely more wretched than when you began your *romantic journey*.

Since you began to traverse the city, in which so much money has
already

already been squandered, what have you on the creditor side to ballance the charge? One day you have been mortified by neglect, and at another you have been wounded by false promises. Were I the parent of twenty children, I sincerely declare to you, I had rather have, *one* turn out avaricious, *another* ill-tempered, a *third* fantastical, a *fourth* licentious, and so on of the rest, exhausting almost the circle of imperfection—rather I say, Benignus, than any one of them should, to such a *perfection*, have your *imperfection*, if you'll allow me the phrase. Don't however mistake me: it is not because I think you unamiable; it is, because of all I ever knew, you possess in the most fatal degree, the qualities that are in
the

the end the most likely to plunge a poinard in your heart, or a bullet in your head.

Heavens, Benignus ! how have you suffered the weakness of the heart, to triumph thus long over the solid powers of reason and the understanding ? How have you permitted that very tenderness (which properly regulated might, at a third of the expence, have circulated joy) to be productive of little good, and great misery ?

As to the good you have done, it is, as far as I can learn, in no degree proportioned to the money used to procure it : the very *essence* of it is lost, by being *indiscriminate*. If, this hour, you have comforted the disconsolate bosom of humble merit
in

in the shade ; you have in the next, lavished as large a bounty on a knave, a gambler, or a coxcomb.

Into what innumerable temptations have you thrown yourself, by the indulgence of a fatal curiosity ! it is only by *flying* from temptation, that youth and spirits can possibly avoid them. Believe not the cant of schoolmen, when they tell you that virtue is the unmoved rock, against which the waves of passion beat ineffectually. Virtue, indeed, is in the well-disposed mind, a powerful principle ; but alas ! when it comes to be assailed in the hey-day of the spirits, solicited by opportunity—when a thousand softening circumstances, treacherously meet together, confederating as it were to urge the

heart into voluptuous concessions, *where*, Benignus, is the young *man*, *where* the young *woman*, who can long boast the unsubdued superiority of virtue. As there is a temptation suited to every constitution, so is there I fear an hour, when every constitution must either precipitately retreat, or be vanquished. To retreat therefore *in time*, is the greatest effort, both of prudence, wisdom, and philosophy: when the passions have only exhibited to us their prospects, when the eye sparkles to behold them, and the heart throbs to enjoy them, it is an hundred to one, if either reason, virtue, or principles of any kind, are at your age sufficient to save you.

And are you still a generous vagabond, Benignus? Are you still rambling

bling about the streets of the metropolis, a benevolent stroller—a prey to imposture, an anguish to your friends, and a distress to yourself? Do you call this “going about doing good!” No sir, it is going about, doing nothing.

By chance, indeed, the most scattering liberality may blunder into an act of benevolence; but when a few, a very few of these are excepted, you might just as well have jerked your money from London-bridge into the Thames, as have thrown it about so promiscuously.

I write warmly, Benignus, because I write feelingly, and because I love you. I love you, sir, for the naturally noble excellencies of your disposition,

but not for the extravagant abuse of them. There are, perhaps, few men in this kingdom, who might have more splendidly figured in it: your talents, fortune, and turn of mind, might have done honour to yourself, to your society, to your connections, and to human nature. Instead of which, by rushing madly upon the world, the dreadful history of your situation is, that you belong to nobody, are known to nobody, and are nobody.

What, Benignus, will be the ultimate event of it? I tremble at the prospect. In the name of common sense, stop, stop your career. It may not yet be too late. I do not perceive you have, in all your wanderings,
 purchased

purchased a single friend who would give you a dinner, should it (which God forbid) ever be wanting. I see you have violent passions, which, though they might have lain dormant in a village, have been called out in London: passions always tyrannise in proportion as they are indulged; and I much fear—you will pardon me—you are not quite the same Benignus you were, in point of *delicacy*. Be that as it may, your case is to be compassionated. How applicable to Benignus is the language of honest Apemantus. “Oh ye Gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!”

Let me charge you to beware of becoming as it were a bankrupt, in

P 3

London.

London. I know that I appear to you very rude, and indeed I am doing a great violence to myself; but if this strength of colouring, if this picture faithfully drawn by the hand of a friend, serves to wean you from an attachment to the place you are now in, and can bring you to the quiet spot whence this is dated, I shall rejoice in the fortitude of having been sincere.

Every thing about us, by the time you reach us, will be in their summer suits to invite you: our fruit-trees are in blossom; our rose-trees are budded; there are fish in the ponds, and birds build secure within our hedges. Almeria is goddess of the flower-garden, and she, smilingly,
bids

bids me tell you, how much she wants an assistant to tie up the tendrils, and to hand the watering-pot from the well.

I am, my dear Benignus,
your sincere well-wisher

WILLIAM GREAVES.

P. S. Finding myself too apt to dissipate in the earlier part of my life, I bound myself as it were an apprentice to discretion, by an observance of certain *rules*, which for more than twice seven years have now been the guide of my *pecuniary* conduct. They are now, my dear friend, more necessary for *your* practice than *mine*; and I have set Almeria down to her writing-desk to transcribe and inclose them.

Adieu.

GOLDEN RULES of OECONOMY,

In order to make a man live, all the days of his life.

I.

The *present pleasures*, produced by a large expence of money, by no means ballance the *future miseries* of a wasted patrimony, dissipated fortunes, and a decayed constitution.

2.

There is great reason for us to make a reserve of property against the day of decrepitude; because in old age, we want *chiefly* those comforts which *only money* can procure: a comfortable house—a warm fire—delicate living, and a little share of authority, which, in the last stage of life, is exceedingly soothing and acceptable.

3. Per-

3.

Perhaps society cannot shew a more pitiable figure, than either a very old man or woman, who having spent their substance in the flattering gaieties of youth, are reduced (in the most helpless situation) to live upon accidental strokes of generosity, and to be at once ridiculed and relieved.

4.

If an old person expects to receive the least degree of attention from the world in general, or even from his relations in particular, it must be by the force of happy circumstances in his favour; such, for instance, as arise out of a fortune accumulated by the industry or ingenuity of youth. This will render the veteran respectable
amongst

amongst his domestics, and make even his utmost infirmities supportable. Whereas, if an old man has no testimonies of his œconomy to shew, he will crawl contemptibly about the world; be upbraided for his former prodigality, even by his own children, who, having no *hopes*, will consider him as an incumbrance: and wanting the various attentions which are necessary to the accommodation of the last scene, his continuance in the family will be irksome, his life must be supported by the contribution of the charitable, and he must die unmourned. Keep the staff in thine hand.

5.

The same principle of prudence which makes it necessary for a man

to

to provide against the wants and infirmities of *age*, should prevail with a man to provide against the wants and infirmities of *distemper*. Let the sick man rather depend on the panacea of his purse, than on the pity of his physician. A very healthy person is very soon reduced to his chamber, and we are all liable to the most noisome disorders: it often happens that a stout young man in the very vigour of existence, is brought to such a state as to depend on the servitude of another for assistance in those very points, which, in a state of health, he would blush to make known to a second person. If these feeblenesses continue for any length of time, nothing but the power of *paying* our attendants well, can make them

them be done chearfully, if at all. A sick spendthrift is therefore a horrid spectacle; his nurse becomes negligent, his physician gives him now and then a call upon the score of humanity—he wants the strengthening and restoring comforts both of the kitchen and the arm-chair; and, what is worse than all, he *rebukes himself* for having squandered, in the hour of superfluity, what should have been reserved for the moment of exigence.

6.

Art thou rich? Place then circumspection as a centinel over thy passions; lest that which thou possessest, becometh a prey to artifice!

Art thou poor? Be industry thy guard, lest thou should want the bread

bread of life, and in wanting *that*, the path of disgrace is not remote, and that path will lead thee, peradventure, to the pits of misery and destruction. Condescend not to be the object either of pity or charity, while thou hast limbs to toil, imagination to suggest, or health to perform. Liberty is independence, and slavery is a state of pecuniary obligation. *Get* honestly, and *give* cautiously. Who so putteth in practice these rules, shall certainly LIVE ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.

THE END.



